

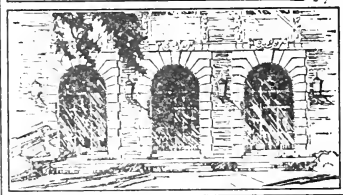
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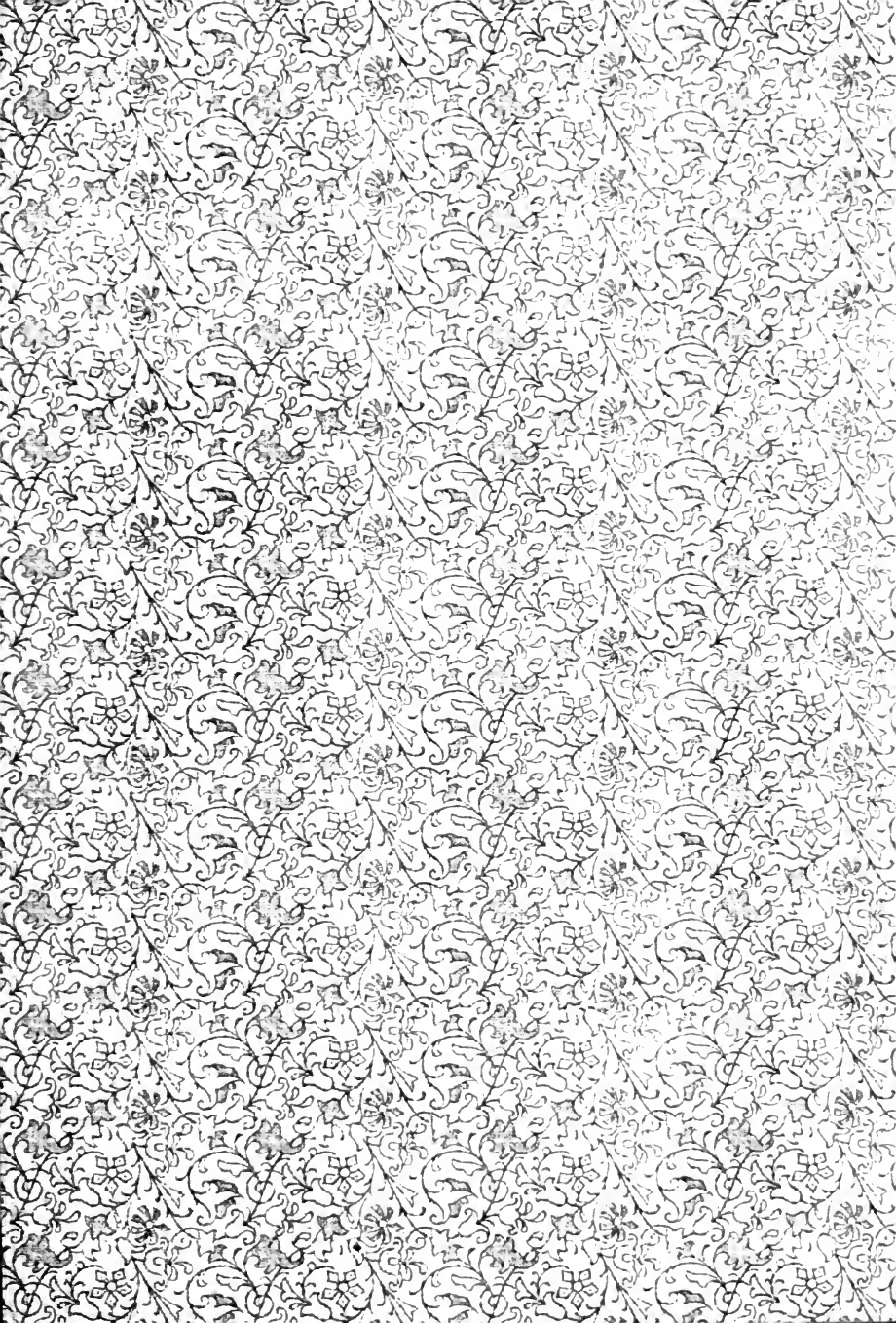
THE PAGEANT
— OF —
ST. CLAIR COUNTY

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ILLINOIS
HISTORICAL SURVEY





The Book of Words
of
St. Clair County Pageant

by

THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

EDMUND J. JAMES



*In Commemoration of the
Removal of the County
Seat to Belleville, September,
1914.*



BELLEVILLE, ILLINOIS
SEPTEMBER
1914

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By
Thomas Wood Stevens



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St. Clair
Historical
Survey

A FOREWORD

For invaluable assistance in the preparation of this book, I wish to make acknowledgement to many citizens of Belleville and East St. Louis, and in particular to Judge Frank Perrin and Mr. Luke Hite, who placed at my disposal their great store of information regarding the history of St. Clair County. It is not possible, in the limits of the Pageant scene, to portray in full detail any one of the events treated; hence the effort has been to condense and select, and deal in the spirit rather than the fact of history. In some cases, as for example in the Clark scene, a picturesque herotale has been preferred to the literal record; but in this case, though we introduce the scene of the ball which was apparently invented by Major Denny for his "Memoirs," the significant phase of the scene is found in Clark's interview with Pere Gibault, and here the Pageant follows the fact. I have in certain cases elaborated upon tradition for dramatic purposes, as in the Blair scene and the Court scene, but in each case with an effort to express character. Certain scenes are here adopted from my "Pageant of the Old Northwest," and from other works which have a common background with this. But the greater part of the book is, I believe, new.

It gives me great pleasure here to set down my gratitude to Messrs. Solari and Schoeller, to

Mr. Donald Robertson, and to the citizens of St. Clair County for the triumphant performance and reception of the Pageant.

Thomas Wood Stevens.

BY DIRECTOR JOSEPH SOLARI

I cannot commend too highly the hearty co-operation shown by the people of Belleville in the production of their Pageant of St. Clair.

From the leading spirits to the humblest laborer there existed a unity of purpose that made failure impossible. If the captains of industry could gather about them men and women such as participated in this work, who leveled every barrier of prejudice and sought only to express the best that was in them, then this world indeed would be a "garden lovely in blossom, rich in fruit."

The Pageant of St. Clair has been a genuine inspiration to me, and my one desire now is to see other communities awake to the wonderful possibilities of Pageantry.

What is more inspiring than to see hundreds of men and women, of various beliefs and professions, launch into an enterprise whose only substance is a dream, and then see them turn it to shape and give "to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." For such was what these men and women did. Indeed it requires great faith and courage to attempt to reflect the important characters and episodes in the history of a com-

munity into living words and breathing pictures, with but the imagination as a tool and the word of the historian as a guide.

The people of Belleville can justly be proud of their achievement, an achievement that gradually dawned like a glorious dream and quietly vanished as such, leaving an indelible impression and a lasting inspiration.

Joseph Solari.

BY MR. MUNIE

In presenting this souvenir book of the Pageant of St. Clair to those who participated actively in the production of this great "folk-drama" the St. Clair County Historical, Memorial and Improvement Association, which body was in charge of the Centennial Festivities which marked the One Hundredth Anniversary of the foundation of Belleville and the establishment of the county seat of St. Clair County, Illinois, at Belleville, the association sought a means to express its thanks to all who helped make the Pageant the unquestioned success it was.

Without the self sacrificing efforts of all who gave their time to this great enterprise the Pageant could not have been given. No one person or group of persons is entitled to a greater mead of credit than another because it required the united labor of all to accomplish the end sought.

The Pageant will live in the history of Belleville and St. Clair County as the grandest community enterprise ever undertaken and every participant will treasure the memory of his or her participation, whether in the cast or on the production staff.

As chairman of the Pageant Committee and as President of the St. Clair County Historical, Memorial and Improvement Association I want to add my sincere thanks to every member of the Pageant "family" for the conscientious service rendered.

Respectfully,

Michael L. Munie.

The Pageant of St. Clair

— PRODUCED AT —

BELLEVILLE, ILLINOIS

SEPTEMBER 14 TO 19, 1914

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

THE ST. CLAIR COUNTY
HISTORICAL, MEMORIAL AND IMPROVE-
MENT ASSOCIATION

— COMMEMORATING —

One Hundredth Anniversary of the Establishment
of the Seat of Government for St. Clair
County Ill., at Belleville.

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F. W. LAWSON, Executive Secretary

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MRS. CLARA HALBERT NEEDLES, Secretary

MRS. J. W. RENTCHLER

MISS ELSIE LENGFELDER

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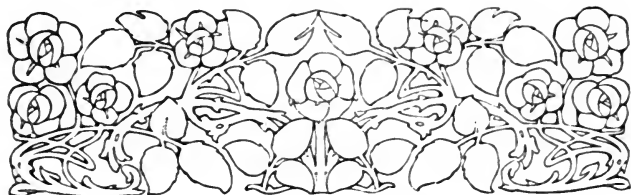
MRS. J. W. TWITCHELL

AUTHOR

Thomas Wood Stevens

DIRECTORS

Joseph C. Solari, William Schoeller



SCENE ONE

[The Moundbuilders and the legend of the Piasa Bird. The moment chosen is that of the destruction of the monster by Ouataga; the scene is designed also to suggest the great racial movement which led the Indians to abandon their mounds and their agriculture.]

CHARACTERS

An Old Indian Chief.....	Oscar Weber
A Young Hunter.....	John Pessel
Ouataga, a Seer.....	John Dietz

MOUND BUILDERS

Orie Morrissey	Albert Hendrich
Eugene Marsh	Walter Batdorf
Elmer Dorn	Otto Hueffner
Paul Peskind	Phillip Huefner
Clyde McCormick	Roy Metzler
Curt Leuschner	Lavern Metzler
Elmer Laut	Fred Werner
Wm. Heimberger	Isaac Walker
Oliver Funk	Edward Kaysing
Walter Dagne	Thos. Miller
Lloyd Marshal	Nathan Peskind
Fred Blum	Frank Burns

Hans Christopherson
Will Krummerich
Philip Deitz
James Cobb

Clemens Rauth
Chas Burkhardt
Guy Anderson

[The overture is heard in the darkness, closing with an Indian motif of drums. A light falls on the platform of the Medicine Lodge, at the side of the stage, and White Cloud, (Wabakeshik) the Prophet, is discovered.]

WHITE CLOUD

Great Manitou, who livest in the sun,
Whose voice we hear amid the battling clouds,
Spirit who mad'st the world of the red clay,
And in the world the children of thy might,
I, the Foreteller, I the Prophet, call thee:
For in my people's councils I am wise,
And in the paleface councils am a child;
For I have fasted in the caves of tears,
Lain ear-to-ear to hear thy whisper, worn
Black war-paint of the prophet and the seer,
And lo, the medicine and magic of thy name
Are mine! Great Manitou, thy children fall,
And the long bitter war trail nears its end.
Let me look back. The fields were rich. The
smokes
Rose up from fire on fire along the hills,
And all our people, tribe on wandering tribe,
Prospered, and there was hunting for us all.
So say the old men. Now the day is gone
And the chill stars who dog thy westward track
Watch us with wintry eyes like wolves at night.

Manitou of the Oak, I call on thee,
For thou dost take the scalplocks of dead years
To wear them in thy crimson autumn hood,
And living long, dost feed upon the hearts
Of the brave springs who sing beneath thy shade.
Thou dost remember. Tree gods, hear my spell
And breathe my medicine. Bring back the glow
Of our forgotten camp-fires; bring our chiefs
To their lost councils. Feed mine ancient hate
With visions of our wars, back to the dawn
When there had come no paleface to our lands
And our unhindered rivers were not shamed
With any burden of our enemies.
Teach me, gray Manitou of Oak, the tale,
And let me hear, as when the old men make
Among the tepees their unending vaunt,
Thy winter-song. Oak, thou art tall. Thy head
Nuzzles against the clouds; and thou art old,—
Much thou hast seen. Thou followest no trail,
So thou rememberest. Oak, I bid thee speak,
I bid thy shadows clear. I bid the morn
To burn anew—the red morn of our tribe.

[The light fades suddenly and White Cloud disappears.]

[The place is the top of a mound, dimly lighted; but the people are bringing earth and building up the level, under the direction of an old chief.]

THE OLD CHIEF

The earth, the red earth, my children,
Heap it high, that this mound of our worship and
our justice may rise,

Heap it high, that the spirits of your dead fathers
may be glad,
That the earth gods may dance in the darkness,
That the river manitous may not tear at our
graves when they are maddened with the floods
of Spring.

[The Young Hunter comes running in.]

HUNTER

O my Father—

OLD CHIEF

Speak, young runner of the Wolf Clan.

HUNTER

The buffalo—they feed along the hills of sunset.
I have heard, I have seen.
I have run hither that our hunters may follow
them with arrows.

[Cries of "The Buffalo," "Take Bows!"]

OLD CHIEF

Stay, my children.
I am old. I move slowly. I am wise.
Set not your feet to this hunting.
Toil on in the good red earth,
That the mounds may lift their heads above your
fields,
And the Manitous be not angry.
And the dead sleep sound.

HUNTER

He is old, my brothers.

His feet are heavy for this hunting.
He bids you stay.
But I have seen the hills black with the herds
 against the sunset.
I call you to the trails and the feasting.

OLD CHIEF

The corn will ripen if the fields be guarded.
But the lodge of the hunter is empty when the
 snows break around it.

HUNTER

The fields are for women.
Let them gather the corn. Let them grind it in
 winter.

[Ouataga enters, and stands listening.]

OLD CHIEF

Evil days are upon us, and our manitous are
 angry.
They have sent against us the bird whose wings
 beat thunder,
They have sent the Piasa bird, that he may devour
 us.
They are angry at the wandering foot, angry be-
 cause of the red blood of slain beasts,
Angry at the hunting and the feasting.
Do not go my children, lest the bird of the light-
 ning devour you.
I have spoken.

HUNTER

He is old, and each year the buffalo graze further
toward the sunrise.

It is the will of Kitchemanedo, who drives them
hither,

And shall we turn from the feasting?

If the bird of the thunder devour us, shall we not
still be men?

Shall we hide in our lodges till he fly away?

[Ouataga comes forward.]

OUATAGA

I have heard. Lo, I, Ouataga, head of the Wolf
Clan, I come from the rivers of sleep.

And I speak with the voice of the manitou within
me.

The bird has laid a terror upon us.

He has taken us, men and maidens, and rent us
to shreds, and devoured us upon his high cliff.

He is the child of the flying cloud, and the mani-
tous of the cloud people send him against us.

Lo, I have dreamed, and through me the Piasa
Bird shall die.

OLD CHIEF

He is a prophet. His dreams are true dreams, my
children.

OUATAGA

Hunters of the Wolf Clan, men of the Turtle,
Braves and bowmen of the Serpent and the Eagle,
Are your bows ready, and your arrows sharpened,
Are your hearts unshaken?

For this is a new hunting, and I have need of keen
arrows.

THE HUNTERS

Yea, we are ready.

OUATAGA

Hear them my dream, as the Totem of the Wolf
Clan has delivered it unto me in the caves of
night:

You shall hide in the hazels,

Hide well, with your sharpest arrows on the bow-
strings.

Here on the mound one shall stand, alone,

And alone he shall sing his death song,

And upon him, singing, the Piasa Bird shall des-
cend,

And your arrows shall strike him down.

Twenty bows there shall be, and the bird shall
fall, and the war of the cloud manitous shall be
vanquished,

And one man, one alone, shall sing his death-song.

OLD CHIEF

Who giveth his life? Who standeth upon the
mound?

And when shall the bird come upon him?

OUATAGA

Even now the bird is circling in the sky,

And the death-song shall be mine.

OLD CHIEF

Ouataga is young. He is brave. He is a prophet,

I am old. The winter is gray upon me. Let me
stand here.
Let me die, that Ouataga may live.

HUNTER

Ouataga is head of the Wolf Clan. Let not the
Wolf Clan weep for Ouataga.
Let me sing the death-song.

OUATAGA

The death-song must be my death-song.
The Bird is circling above me. For me, and for
me alone, he will swoop.
Let your arrows be ready.

[They draw off and leave him, slowly, the twenty
warriors hiding in the thicket. Ouataga stands alone
upon the mound, chanting; the Old Chief, crouching
at the foot of the mound, keeps up a low rumbling
on a great tomtom.]

OUATAGA

There is no trail where my foot shall fall,
Only the trails of the dead
Under the bright world
And out of the light of the stars.
Hear now my death-song.
There is no lodge where my bow shall hang,
Only the lodge of the dead,
In the smoke of the dark caverns,
In the cold night.
As the fallen branch I am withered—
Hear now my death-song.

[He sees the Bird above him.]

Manitous of the Cloud, I call you to battle.

Behold, here I stand in my war-gear.

[There is a sudden darkness, and a thunder of drums. The Bird descends, swooping at Ouataga; the arrows fly from the thicket and the Bird falls. Ouataga stands up, dazed but triumphant. The hunters rush from their hiding places, dancing wildly and shouting for a moment; then a pause, and the Old Chief speaks.]

OLD CHIEF

In the winter, in the long nights of winter,
Our clans shall tell of this hunting.
Our arrow makers shall carve on the stone hills,
They shall draw in the stone the image of the
Piasa,
And agast it our people shall shoot their arrows;
Each year they shall shoot them, that the Cloud
people may remember this war-fare.

HUNTER

Lead us now, O Ouataga, to the sunset.
Let us drive the black herds from the cliffs, that
our people may feast.

OUATAGA

You shall go to that feasting, but I, I will not
lead you.

[Shouting, the hunters go out.]

OLD CHIEF

The hunters go out, the young men, and the
mounds are left alone.

OUATAGA

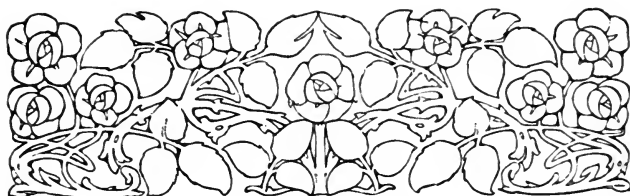
Even so.

And the mounds, at the end of this hunting, shall
lift their heads no higher.

It is the way of our people.

It is the will of the Master of Life.

[The lights fade gradually as Ouataga speaks, and he is left in darkness, standing upon the mound, the Old Chief crouching at his feet.



SCENE TWO

[Centuries are supposed to elapse.]

[The incident takes place in a village of the Illinois Indians. It is derived, so far as Marquette's part in it is concerned, from his own account, certain of the speeches being actually quoted from him. It is supposed to take place in the late summer of the year 1673.]

CHARACTERS

Pere Jaques Marquette.....	Dr. J. K. Conroy
Louis Jolliet.....	Theo. A. Stoelzle
Great Sachem of Illinois.....	John J. Dengler
Council Chief.....	Anthony Stoeckel
An Indian Messenger.....	Geo. Joffray

FIVE FRENCHMEN, FOLLOWERS OF MARQUETTE AND JOLLIET

Edgar Hermann	Henry Stoeckel
Paul Becherer	Ben Probst
Lee Grandcolas	

INDIANS

Oscar Becherer	Adolph Reznicek
Harry Drone	Fred Drovetta
John Juen	Dominick Schilling
Geo. Wuller	John Sax
Edward Juen	Henry Meyer

Emil Klapp
John Dietrich
Aug. Kassebaum
Jos. Cordie
Paul Ratheim

Ferd Mayer
Henry Juen, Jr.
John Kreher
John Aug

SQUAWS

Stella Stenger
Ella Fersch
Theresa Thebus
Cyrilla Gruenewald
Marie Glaser
Rosa Rensing
Stella Reis
Clotilda Faltus
Elizabeth Conroy
Kathline Kreher

Scholastica Bretz
Proxady Wessel
Cecelia Wuller
Edith Zellmann
Mrs. Henry Stoeckel
Mrs. August Kassebaum
Mrs. Ben Probst
Aurelia Schauerte
Mrs. Oscar Becherer
Rosa Zinser

INDIAN CHILDREN

William Buechler
Cornelius Wilbert
Eugene Dammrich, Jr.
Hamilton Igel
Edgar Drone
Claude Bedel
Carl Reis
Joseph Reis
Eugene Kohl

John Rensing, Jr.
Emery Kreher
Leo Ratheim
Isfried Probst
Hannamay Thebus
Louisa Walter
Elizabeth Probst
Marcellus Wilbert

[The lights come on gradually and the fires of the council encampment are kindled; the Indians arouse themselves and make preparation for the Corn Dance. The women come in bearing bundles of cut maize; smoke ascends from the altar of the Corn Manitou, and the chiefs begin the dance, leading the chant; a second circle of the women is formed outside, swinging around in the opposite direction, the children running outside.]

THE CORN CHANT

Kitchemanedo,
Master of Life,
Made man of the pipe-clay
Alone—alone;
Made woman of pipe-clay
To be his sister;
Made the Corn for her lover,
Her lord,
Last wooer, first lover,
Her comfort and lord,
So hath the Master of Life,
Kitchemanedo,
Sent us the Corn.

[This chant is repeated three times. As it ceases, the Great Sachem of the Illinois enters, followed by a group of his warriors, his Calumet Bearer, and his old men. The lights grow brighter.]

GREAT SACHEM

Am I welcome?

COUNCIL CHIEF

We dance, all our people, for joy that you have come.

GREAT SACHEM

Your tribe is gathered for thanksgiving—for the
Corn Dance.
You enjoy a good harvest?

COUNCIL CHIEF

Our harvest has been rich. We have sent mes-

sengers to your great lodge with our tribute—
the payment of the seed-corn.

GREAT SACHEM

The calumet goes round, and your people dance,
and the harvest is full. But in the southward
country our brothers are at war. The Iroquois
and the Miamis band against us. The peace-
posts are blackened. We must help our bro-
thers.

COUNCIL CHIEF

Our young men shall take bows and axes, and cut
down your enemies as the winter cuts down the
dried corn.

SACHEM

So you have sworn upon the sacred fire and the red
earth, and you have exchanged with us the
calumets. But now, against the Miamis, we
have a strange war. The palefaces from be-
yond the mountains have given to the Miamis
their weapons of fire and thunder, and the
Miamis drive our warriors before them as the
red deer run before the hunting of the wolves.

COUNCIL CHIEF

We have heard of these pale men. They are
manitous.

SACHEM

This is light talk, this talk of manitous; but their
medicine is strange and powerful. They smile,

and speak of the love they bear us, but their thunders slay us from the thickets. There are palefaces of two kinds, good and evil; so much we know. Your young men must be resolute.

COUNCIL CHIEF

Why should not we also seek the palefaces and learn their witchcraft? It is folly of us to die and be no wiser.

SACHEM

Soon enough we shall learn it.

[A Messenger enters and stands before the Great Sachem.]

What word do you bring us, young man with feet like the wind?

THE MESSENGER

[Pointing.]

The Black Gown.

[A number of Indian children come running in, all looking back over their shoulders. All faces turn, gazing. After a slight pause, Marquette enters, followed by Jolliet and five Frenchmen, bearing packs and canoes.]

MARQUETTE

I am welcome?

SACHEM

I thank thee, Black Gown, and thee, Frenchman, for the labor of your coming. Never shone the sun so tenderly as to-day; never rustled the ripe corn so pleasantly as now, since you are with us. Our river, which was so angry

at the rocks that chafed it, flows calm and silent, since the canoes of the white man have passed. Behold, Black Gown, I give thee my little son, that thou mayst know my heart. Thou art beloved of the Great Spirit. Ask him to cherish me and my people.

MARQUETTE

[To Jolliet.]

Here, Louis, is my mission.

JOLLIET

In all our travels we have seen no chief so gracious, no people so well favored for the work of the Church.

SACHEM

Black Gown, one medicine I ask of thee. The pale-faces have given their thunder-weapons to our enemies, the Miamis. Give us also weapons, that we may defend our lodges and our women.

MARQUETTE

If I gave you weapons, you would kill the Miamis, who are my children also.

SACHEM

We would defend our hunting grounds.

MARQUETTE

I bring you another word, my son—a word of peace.

[The Sachem turns aside to consult with his chiefs; Marquette makes a sign to two of his followers, who go off; he then turns to Jolliet, leaning heavily on his arm as he speaks.]

Louis, my friend, I have come to the end of my journey. Thou shalt leave me here. I have loved thee well, and while yet I live, thy name shall not fail from my prayers.

JOLLIET

While yet thou livest? What does that mean, father?

MARQUETTE

We have passed over many streams, and many portages. We have seen the Great River, and the pictured rocks, and the lake of the Illinois. No other Frenchman has seen them. Behold, how great a field for the Church, how wide a domain for the Cross. Louis, I have before me the task of my destiny, and I must not shrink.

JOLLIET

Nor do I shrink, Father. I will stay with thee.

MARQUETTE

Nay, my son. I have seen thine eyes wet when our carriers sang their songs of France. I have seen thee wistful, even to tears, when we have spoken of Quebec, the home thou didst leave to come with me. Thou shalt go on. I will remain. It is only for a little while.

JOLLIET

It is true, I have longed for home.

MARQUETTE

I have known it, my son.

SACHEM

[Coming forward again.]

Black Gown, dost thou refuse the weapons to me
and my people?

MARQUETTE

[Going back to his carriers, who have brought in
a white birch cross.]

My children, I have for you no weapons. I desire
that you shall live at peace with the Miamis,
and the Iroquois, and all the forest people.

SACHEM

Then I and my tribes are to be slain, and thou
wilt do nought to help us?

MARQUETTE

I will bring my faith, as my brothers have taken
it to the Miamis.

[A threatening murmur rises among the Indians.]

SACHEM

And will thy faith shield us from our foes?

MARQUETTE

Yea, truly it will, for it is the faith of peace, and
love. Behold, here I set up this cross for a sign.

SACHEM

The rains will rot it down, and the snow will cover
it.

MARQUETTE

Not so, for it shall be in your hearts.

SACHEM

Thy medicine, Black Gown, is as dust upon the wind. We wish to know thee and thy Manitou; we are ready to be thy children; and thou offerest us a sign of birch wood.

MARQUETTE

I bring you more than a sign, for I bring you truth. I will teach you of the life that dies not, and of the true God, and of the Holy Church; I will teach you of the creation, and the redemption, and of the Blessed Virgin; I will make plain to you the law of Christ, which is the law of love. Kneel down, all you who seek the truth. Here I set the Cross, and here, while I may, I will abide.

[The Frenchmen kneel, then the Indians, slowly, as the light fades; at last only Marquette and the Great Sachem are left standing; then the Sachem kneels, and darkness falls upon the scene.]



SCENE THREE

[The place is still the village of the Illinois, ten years later. The scene is a composite of incidents in Parkman's "La Salle"; its special significance lies in the formal claiming of the land in the name of the French King, here somewhat arbitrarily used, though the ceremonial took place at various points in the Mississippi Valley.]

CHARACTERS

Robert Cavalier de la Salle.....	Julian Smith
Henri de Tonty.....	Louis P. Zerweck
Friar Hennepin.....	Frank C. Hipplar
Friar Membre.....	Edward Kohl
A Mutineer, Jolycoeur.....	Preston K. Johnson
Nicanope, A Chief.....	Frank Severit
An Indian Princess.....	Melba Hoerner
A Mohegan Hunter.....	LeRoy Wehrle

FRENCHMEN, FOLLOWERS OF LA SALLE AND TONTY

Marshal Glueck	Fred Blum
Len Reinhardt	Oliver Hartnagel
Joseph Falk	Cornelius Grosspitch
Harry Zerweck	Harry Pilkington
Ralph Winkelman	Isadore Schanuel
Joseph Peskind	Ray Laubner
William Stahlheber	Othmar Fellner
William Schulte	

INDIANS

William Arey
Chas Brown
Henry Wilson
John Wiecking
Joseph Jacobeck
Adam Rauth
Emil Keller
James Kais
Rudolph Gerth
Edward Cloud

Herman Kohl
Jacob Gross
Edward Skrabel
Ralph Williams
Harry Luku
John Wainwright
Jesse Cloud
Bert Gorges
James Van Fleet

SQUAWS

Cleola Bleser
Anna Pessel
Mary Meng
Pauline Halbert
Grace Wilderman
Theresa Gaerdner
Maud Underwood
Louise Guy

Mabel Bischof
Lily Flannagan
Emma Saenger
Lilian Taphorn
Lisa Pithan
Amelia Steurnagel
Estella Hough
Josie Baker

CHILDREN

Nancy Ittner
Dorothy Stookey
Ruth Bertram
Georgia Hilgard
Dorothy Beck
Elsie Jean Huggins
Virginia Renner
Ruth Aull
Marjorie Rentschler
Marie Becker
Janise Rentschler
Edward Abend
Lester Totch

Helga Ebsen
Anita Wirsing
Albert Mitchel
Chas Becker
Alice Rentschler
Clotilda Pelkus
Phroso Bieser
Catharine Niemeyer
Ernst Hilgard
Lester Heineke
Marjorie Stanley
Mitchel Woodrome

WHITE CLOUD

Peaceful the Black Gown came; we welcomed him;

He taught his faith; we listened and we loved,
For he was patient, brave and kind. He lives
In drowsy annals of our winter nights.

But those who followed in the Black Gown's trail
Brought harsher magic and hopeless war.

Seeking the paths that we had never trod.

They searched the blue horizons for some grim
And desolate issue to forbidden seas;

They spoke to us of mysteries, shoulder-wise,
As they with tireless footsteps hastened on.

So the four hunters in our mystic tale

Pursue each year the bear who never dies,
And stain the leaves of autumn with his blood

Till all the oaks and maples flame with woe,

And the still snows come down on them like sleep;

But in the spring the bear awakes, his wounds

Healed, and the hunters take their bows and strike

The chase that follows through the fruitless years.

La Salle and Tonty of the Iron Hand,

Great Captains in this idle paleface quest,

Came hither long ago and claimed the ground

For some old king beyond the sunrise. These

Were strong-heart men, these finders of the way,

Who hunted the great rivers to their ends—

Stern foes, whom fear could never shake. Behold,

Wan Children of the sheltered lodges, these

Who faced the mystery with dauntless eyes

And trod our trails out with intrepid feat,

The Captains of the white man's outer march.

[The place is the same village; Tonty and his party discovered, the others sleeping, Tonty watching by Marquette's cross.]

TONTY

How strange a service is this, that I must watch by a Christian cross that was set here in the wilderness by our enemies. The wood may yield to us; the rivers may give up their secrets; but the hatred of those behind us will not abate. My Captain, this is a great endeavor, and we have fought hard in it, but the battle is not won. Little men bark at your heels for a few beaver pelts, while you look forward to see an empire. So be it, La Salle. Your vision is mine.

[Enter an Indian Girl, Chief Omawha's daughter.]

THE GIRL

[Enter an Indian Girl, Chief Omawha's daughter.]

Iron Hand.

TONTY

Princess.

THE GIRL

Man with the iron hand, I have this to tell you.
Turn back, for you and your chief are betrayed.

TONTY

My chief never turns back.

THE GIRL

You must all die if you go on. There has been council talk in the dark.

TONTY

Tell me of this council talk.

THE GIRL

The Miami, Monso, came last night. He spoke long with our old men. He brought presents from the Mascoutens and the Miamis. He said the Sieur de la Salle would break our tribe in his hand if our people let him pass. He said that you are all spies of the Iroquois. Turn back, Man-with-the-Hand-of-Iron, or our chiefs will slay you all. I have spoken.

TONTY

This is girl's talk.

THE GIRL

This is true talk, Iron Hand.

[She starts away from him.]

TONTY

Stop, Princess, and tell me why?—She's gone!

[She runs out, and is lost to sight. It is now dawn, and the village is waking up. Tonty turns to arouse his followers.]

TONTY

Rouse yourself, Jolycoeur. The Sieur de la Salle will soon be here from the portage.

JOLYCOEUR

Who was that speaking with you, Tonty?

TONTY

A young squaw.

JOLYCOEUR

So it is not so lonely for you on the watch, eh?
The young women come out in the dawn to keep
you company.

TONTY

She came in a matter concerning you, Jolycoeur.

JOLYCOEUR

Concerning me? What did the young woman want
with me?

TONTY

She wanted to buy you, knowing you were good for
nothing to me, to keep the dogs away from her
children.

JOLYCOEUR

Tonty, I am not one to endure insult forever.

TONTY

No, Jolycoeur. You have threatened much. I
have not slept. I have heard your complaints,
and your treasons—heard them long enough.
I know you have dealt too much with our foes.
I say nothing to Monsieur de la Salle, but I
warn you. That is all.

[Enter the Mohegan Hunter.]

What word, Mohegan?

THE MOHEGAN

Monsieur de la Salle is come, Iron Hand.

TONTY

Fall in line, men.

[The Frenchmen of Tonty's party are drawn up in a line. The Indians of the village gather around Nicanope and the other chiefs, to see the new arrivals.

Enter La Salle, followed by Hennepin and the men of his party.]

THE MEN OF TONTY'S PARTY

[Cheering ironically.]

Welcome to the Sieur de la Salle!

[The men of La Salle's party start to cheer also, but he stills them, saluting the others coldly; he then goes over to Tonty, laying a hand on his shoulder.]

LA SALLE

All has been well with you, Tonty?

TONTY

All has been well, my Captain.

LA SALLE

I thank God for that.

TONTY

I have information for you. Let me give it before you meet the council.

[La Salle and Tonty walk aside, talking in a low tone.

Father Hennepin approaches Father Membre, who has been one of Tonty's party.]

HENNEPIN

Brother, I pray you, tell me all the marvelous adventures you have endured since you came here, that I may set them down in my record.

MEMBRE

In sober truth, brother, we have endured none.

HENNEPIN

I can not believe it—that you have been all winter in this unkown wilderness, and have seen no strange sights, rejoiced in no new perils.

MEMBRE

Nothing strange or new. We have been hungry. We have maintained life in a village of savages who hate us. We have baptized four children and one old woman. Some of our comrades have left us, stealing our arms and our food from us. We have seen the children of the Evil One at play around us.

[Hennepin begins to write.]

But no adventure—nothing strange or new. What do you write, brother?

HENNEPIN

[Reading.]

“Father Membre, a priest of unquestioned veracity, told me many curious adventures which befell the men of Tonty’s command while in the wilderness of the Illinois; and in particular of a dance of golden devils, up and down over the house tops of the savages, which he saw conjured by the evil powers of an Indian magician.”

MEMBRE

Brother, this is most unworthy—this writing of follies and lies.

HENNEPIN

[Still writing and reading.]

“When my party came to their rescue, Tonty’s command had been greatly reduced by death and desertions. We found them intrenched upon a great rock, and subsisting upon the leaves and bark of trees.”

MEMBRE

Intrenched upon a great rock?

HENNEPIN

Surely—the great rock at the turn of the river, some days paddling above. We marked it as we passed.

MEMBRE

And what is it, brother, that you write?

HENNEPIN

The true history of my adventures in this great wilderness.

MEMBRE

And why do you make this relation?

HENNEPIN

Because, brother, from my childhood I have loved more than anything the tales of travelers and seamen. When I was a boy, I spent my days among the inns where sailors recount their voyages, listening, listening, listening. I too have endured hunger, for this. I have sickened at the smoke and smells of the quays, but I have

soared at the thought of the brave tales I have heard there You would not understand it.

MEMBRE

But if you love tales of true deeds, why do you write all this which is not true?

HENNEPIN

Brother, you are most unjust. You tell me that you have hungered, that you have seen the play of devils around you, that you have maintained life against the savages. I set all this down, in my own way, and you complain because you are not on a cliff I have chosen for you. The cliff exists. It is as true as holy scripture. You are not intrenched upon it, I admit, but that is your captain's fault, not mine. I pray you, pardon me. I must continue my history.

[The circle for the council is now formed, and Nicanope, the Illinois chief, rises.]

NICANOPE

My Father, it is not alone that we may feast together that we meet here in our village. You have said that you wish to go down our river, and even to the end of the Great River. You have given us presents, and we love you. So we tell you, this is not to be done. For the Great River Mississippi belongs to the evil Manitous; in its waters are terrible serpents, and on its shores are tribes that let none pass, but take all who travel that way, and devour

them. And if by your great valor you escape the serpents and the shore clans, you will at last be swept into a mighty waterfall, which plunges downward into a gulf too deep to be measured. do not go, my father, but turn back. The Great Manitou, the Master of Life, forbids it.

LA SALLE

My children, only yesterday you promised Iron Hand that you would help me to go down the Great River. Have the serpents and the waterfall come up in the night?

NICANOPE

Yesterday, my father, we did not know.

LA SALLE

We thank you for this friendly warning. But we were not asleep last night when Monso came to tell you that we were spies of the Iroquois. The presents he gave you are buried under your council lodge. If he told you the truth, why did he skulk away in the dark? If you are our friends, our children, as you say, go after this Monso and bring him back, that he may look me in the face. For I tell you openly that I will not turn back, now nor hereafter.

[The chiefs, confused by his knowledge, gather around Nicanope. Jolycoeur steps forward from the group of Frenchmen and addresses La Salle.]

JOLYCOEUR

These are brave words, Monsieur de la Salle, but they are foolhardy as well. We believe what the

chiefs have told us of this river, and we can not find it in our hearts to go forward.

LA SALLE

You shall find it in your hearts to go where I bid you.

JOLYCOEUR

Monsieur de la Salle mistakes my meaning. He is a trader here, not a king. There are other traders on these trails. We are within our rights.

[Some of the men gather behind Jolycoeur.]

LA SALLE

So? You have been corrupted by my foes—by the nameless thieves who hide in these forests and trade outside the law. I command you in this wilderness by right of my commission, by edict of His Majesty.

JOLYCOEUR

But this is no part of the King's domain. We are free here. We will not go on.

LA SALLE

Do you know that this is mutiny and treason?

JOLYCOEUR

I know we can not march forward to our certain death, merely to please you, Monsieur. This is the wilderness of the Illinois, not the parade ground of Fort Frontenac.

LA SALLE

When you rebel against my authority, you must take your chance against me. As for the King's right, I will prove you that.

JOLYCOEUR

If I must be your enemy, so be it. I am not alone.
[The men behind him nod assent.]

LA SALLE

Are there no faithful men?
[Tonty and Hennepin step forward beside him.]

TONTY

You still have friends, my Captain.

LA SALLE

Here, then, is my answer. I claim this land for the King. I speak as Saint Lusson spoke at Sault Ste. Marie, and loyal men will hear me to the end.

[He draws his sword and steps forward, repeating solemnly the Proces Verbal de la Prise de Possession.]

In the name of the Most High, Mighty and Redoubted Monarch, Louis the Fourteenth, Most Christian King of France and Navarre, I take possession of this land of the Illinois, and of all countries, rivers, lakes and streams adjacent thereunto; both those which have been discovered and those which shall be discovered hereafter, from the seas of the North and West to the South Sea; declaring to the nations thereof that they are vassals of His Majesty,

and bound to obey his laws; and I promise them, on his part, protection against the invasions of his enemies. I bind all his subjects in this dominion to his laws, and to the authority of those who govern in his name, on pain of incurring treason against His Most Christian Majesty. And I warn all others against seizure and infringement, on pain of incurring his resentment and the efforts of his arms. *Vive le Roi!*

[Hennepin and Tonty, who have knelt during this speech, rise, shouting.]

HENNEPIN AND TONTY

Vive le Roi!

[Most of the men break away from Jolycoeur and swing over to La Salle.]

THE LOYAL MEN

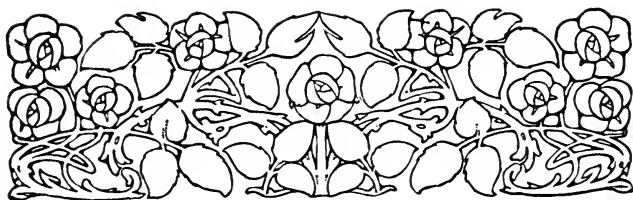
Vive le Roi!

LA SALLE

Forward!

[Jolycoeur and his mutineers persist for a moment, gazing at La Salle; then their heads drop, and they return to their packs.]

Exeunt La Salle and entire party of Frenchmen, La Salle and Tonty going last. As they disappear, two figures stand clear of the passive Indian group, Nicanope, and the girl, Omawha's daughter. As the lights fade, she follows to the center of the stage, looking after Tonty; stands for a moment, irresolute; then goes slowly back to the lodge. The light fades from the scene.]



SCENE FOUR

[Pontiac, failing in his war upon the eastern garrisons, came West in 1765 to enlist the tribes against the English. He still had hopes of French assistance, and was to the last angry and incredulous, refusing to believe that the French dominion was over. The episode marks a turning point in the history of Illinois, since it is directly concerned with the cession of the land from France to England; it is suggested by Parkman in his "Conspiracy of Pontiac."]

CHARACTERS

Pontiac.....	Curt Heinfeld
Chief of Illinois.....	Curt Busiek
An Old Chief.....	Chas. D. Wagner
Neyon, the French Commandant.....	Irwin Wagner

FRENCH ESCORT OF NEYON

Dwight Harper	Eugene Powell
Harold Ward	Lois Graner
Benjamin Flannagan	Gustav Rauth
Joseph Gardner	John Conrad
Russell Schott	Harold Anderson
Fred Barbeau	Elmer Merz

INDIANS (SAME AS IN SCENE THREE)

WHITE CLOUD

So cold this Captain was, La Salle, who burned

In secret with indomitable flame.
Our people knew, for we could understand
A heart that never showed how deep its wounds,
How grave its causes—we, the red folk, knew.
But there were little men of his own clan
Whose hate could never sleep. They tracked him
down.

And after him the Winters and the Springs
Danced round the camp-fire of the shifting sun;
And braves, just come of age to hunt and woo
When Tonty of the Iron Hand was here,
Grew old, and sage, and died at last of years
Before another chieftain lived whom I,
The Prophet, raise to honor with my spells;
And when he came, he was an Ottawa,
A man of mine own race, who loved his land
And dared to battle with the robbers twain,
England and France, who bargained, field by field,
Our ancient hunting grounds away. This chief
Was Pontiac, the last of our high sachems.
And even now I hear his drums resound,
See his great war-belt swinging in the lodge,
And answer, in my heart, his dauntless call.

[The place is the same, the Indians gathered in council.

Enter Pontiac, with some of his people; the calumets are exchanged with ceremony.]

PONTIAC

My children, as I have spoken before, so now I speak. 'This war is for the lives of our people, and the land which the Giver of Light made for our heritage. Listen to my speech, which is

true talk. The English say the French have given them the land. But this could never be, since we have never sold our land. My children, our father, the French King, sleeps, and the English have seized his forts and his houses. But when the French King wakes—what then?

AN ILLINOIS CHIEF

We have heard all this, Pontiac. We own the land. We hate the English. But the English are very strong. What do you require of us.

PONTIAC

First, I give you these presents, that you may know my friendship.

[Pontiac's people bring forward presents, and among other things, a cask of brandy.]

I require of you now some swift and true messengers, that I may send this belt to call together my people. Behold, in it are woven the totems of all my tribes and all my villages. Your messengers shall carry this, with my war call.

[Two Indians, chosen by the Chief, cast aside their blankets and stand before Pontiac.]

PONTIAC

Take now my great war-belt, and go down your river, and down the Mississippi; wherever there is smoke of a village, stop and carry my word. Say that I, Pontiac, will drive back the English from the North and the East, and let them hold those who come from the South. Let the rivers

be closed. Let no canoe of the English pass, but sink it with lead and with arrows. I have spoken. You, who carry my war-belt, be faithful.

[The messengers run off, carrying the great war-belt.]

THE CHIEF

We have given you messengers, brother, but our warriors can not help you in the East and the North. We are peaceful folk, and our harvests have been poor, and our strength wanes. We can not war against the English.

PONTIAC

Then I will bring upon you my Ottawas, and the Miamis, and the Iroquois—all those who have hated you. I will burn up your people and your tepees, as the fire eats the dried grass of the prairies.

[There is a movement of unrest among the Illinois; one of Pontiac's men starts to beat a drum, others to lay aside their blankets.]

AN OLD CHIEF

Our father, the commander of the French, will soon be here. Let us speak in peace until he comes.

PONTIAC

My father, the French King, will help me when I am ready. I will not wait. Now, my warriors, let the war song begin.

[He turns to the Illinois.]

And if you fail me, you shall surely die.

[The Indian with the drum seats himself on the ground and begins beating it. His people throw off their blankets and prepare for the war-dance. The cask of brandy is broached, and the Illinois crowd around it, drinking. The murmur of the rising war song is heard. As the dance starts, another drum is heard, a drum to which French troops are marching.]

Enter Neyon de Villiers, the French Commandant, with a guard. Pontiac proffers him a belt of wampum.]

PONTIAC

Father, with this belt I open your ears, that you may hear. I bring you this war-belt that you may know I have not forgotten to hate the enemies of the French; that you may know I have not forgotten the black cloud which is over us all. I ask you, for the last time, to aid us against the English. Or, if you will not do this, give us powder and lead, and we will raise the hatchet alone. For we know that the French King is old, and has slept, but is now awake again. And now we shall sweep the English from our lands.

NEYON

Pontiac, our hands are tied. Our father, the French King, has forbidden us to injure the English. With this paper he has forbidden us, and we dare not disobey. If you and your tribes are wise, you will cease this warfare, and bury your hatchet forever, since our father, the

King of the French, has given this land to the English.

PONTIAC

Your father, the French King, could not give our lands. He did not own our lands.

NEYON

With this paper our hands are tied. Untie this knot and we will aid you.

PONTIAC

You tell me the French King has yielded to the English—that his scalp hangs in their lodge? Yet you hold in your hands my war-belt.

NEYON

I give you back your war-belt. Pontiac, our friendship is over!

[He flings down the belt.]

PONTIAC

I, too, here drop from my hands the chain of our friendship. Take my defiance, Frenchman. Against you, as against the English, my people will fight forever. This belt you have scorned; but I have sent from me another, woven with the totems of seven and forty tribes. By that belt I defy you—I and all my warriors!

[During the last speeches, the Indians have been crowding around the brandy-cask, behind Pontiac. At the last words, he draws himself up by the cask. Neyon gives a quick order to his men, and leads them

off. The Illinois chief, from the group around the barrel, lurches forward, clings to Pontiac, and falls at his feet. Pontiac stares for a moment at the figure on the ground before him, turns to the group, and throws up his hand for attention. The Indians break into yells and laughter and rush off in the opposite direction to that which Neyon has taken. Pontiac lays his hand on the cask. It is empty. He lifts it above his head and hurls it from him.

The lights disappear, and in the gloom the Indians remove their encampment.]



SCENE FIVE

[The post of Kaskaskia was taken by George Rogers Clark in 1778. The episode as presented follows the tradition of Major Denny's Memoirs, rather than the literal history of the event, in that the entry of Clark upon the Habitant's ball is enacted. The essential part of the scene, historically considered, is to be found in Clark's interview with Pere Gibault, and this is played in accordance with the facts. While Clark merely claimed the territory for Virginia, it was by virtue of his possession of it that it was finally ceded to the United States. Soon after this time Clark sent Bowman to take Cahokia.]

CHARACTERS

George Rogers Clark.....	Wm. A. Hough
Captain Rocheblave.....	Charles Mullen
Pere Gibault.....	David Thomas
Mr. Raycliff, a Traveler.....	Ralph Hertzler
French Gentleman.....	Irwin Wagner
A Young Lady.....	Dorothy Needles
Madame Rocheblave.....	Jane Mullen
An Indian.....	Chas. D. Wagner
The Fiddler.....	Louis Kaltwasser
Clark's Drummer Boy.....	John Thompson
A Courier.....	Kirby Ogle
Right Provost.....	Fred Merrills
Left Provost.....	Bernard Coggan

SQUAWS

Louie Guy	Maud Underwood
Cleola Bieser	Josie Baker

FRENCH PEASANTS

Estelle Ittner	Myrtle Andel
Grace Knobloch	Selma Heineman

Mable Schrader

CLARK'S MEN

Richard Knoebel	Aug. Chenot
Clemens Gundlach	John Theis
Francis Winans	Edward Schmidt
Hubert Funsch	Geo. Florreich
Irwin Dunck	Walter Dahm
Walton Marsh	Walter Reisbich

Ernst Weber

DANCERS OF GAVOTTE

Mildred Woelk	Edna Rentchler
Will Reichert	Henry Rentchler
Corinne Rudolph	Celia Gundlach
Edmund Bechtold	Arthur Wiechert
Dorothy Needles	Matilda Muendlein
Irwin Wagner	Albert Heinemann
Josephine Portuondo	Hedwig Wangelin
Cecil Conroy	Elmer Baldus
Alice Day	Nanon Fischer
Ralph Herzler	Clemens Fischer

ESCORT OF ROCHEBLAVE

Dwight Harper	Fred Barbeau
Harold Ward	Lois Granner
Joseph Gardner	Eugene Powell
Benjamin Flannagan	Russell Schott

WHITE CLOUD

Now let the moons change swiftly, and the Springs
Scatter the snows with their returning feet.
And let the years depart; I mourn them not.
Here, on this bitter earth, beside this trail,
Great Pontiac died; and for his mighty life
A vengeance fell upon the Illinois;

Keener than prairie winds it licked them up,
And all their treasons passed, like scalps that hang
Unprized amid the tepee's dust and smoke;
For Pontiac, though his war-belt fell apart,
And in his death was nothing glorious,
Loved well his land and folk, and hated well
The spoilers of his nation. Peace to him,
And fortunate hunting in the woods of Death.
The Frenchmen passed. They were our friends
and brothers;
The English followed, and were foes to us;
And last the Long Knives, folk we never knew,
And never loved, and never understood.
These Long Knives, kingless, driving men—be-
hold
How first they came, with Clark in the still night,
And how they laid new laws upon the land,
And reared their cities where the red deer browsed
Before the Master of Life went back to sleep
And our Great Spirit ceased to hear our prayers.

[The place is Kaskaskia, a grove in the village where a dance is about to take place. Laughing groups of habitants come in with flowers to decorate the scene; they place benches at left and right, and a floral arch or doorway at the back; through this enter two Provosts of the Ball, who are to be masters of ceremony. The Provosts set to work ordering the guests, the girls along the left side of the stage, the men along the right.

THE PROVOSTS

[Dividing the party.]

Pray you, Monsieur—pray you, mademoiselle—
etc.

[Enter Commandant Rocheblave, with Madame Rocheblave and a guest, a fashionably dressed young Englishman.]

THE PROVOSTS

[On the Right.]

Welcome to you, Monsieur le Commandant—and Madame le Commandant. We are honored supremely.

ROCHEBLAVE

Gentlemen, allow me to present my friend, Mr. Raycliff.

PROVOST

We are enchanted. Mr. Raycliff is an Englishman?

RAYCLIFF

[Bowling.]

A traveller.

a

ROCHEBLAVE

We are all in the English service, Mr. Raycliff.
At your service.

PROVOST

By your permission, Monsieur le Commandant, the dance may begin?

[Rocheblave bows, and the Provosts confer apart. The Coureur de Bois enters, and goes immediately to Rocheblave.]

THE COUREUR

Captain, I beg to report.

ROCHEBLAVE

Wait till the dance is begun. I have a guest.

THE COUREUR

It is in haste. The Long Knives are up the river in force. They are coming down upon us.

RAYCLIFF

The Long Knives?

MADAME ROCHEBLAVE

The Americans, he means. We hear this every day—it's very awkward.

ROCHEBLAVE

Nonsense—It's not possible.

COUREUR

I have reported, Monsieur le Commandant. They say that Clark commands them—Clark of Virginia.

[Mr. Raycliff is visibly alarmed.]

ROCHEBLAVE

Be off, you'll alarm the ladies.

[The Coureur salutes and goes out.]

We no longer pay attention to these tales, Mr. Raycliff.

[Enter the Fiddler, amid general applause. Rocheblave and his guests take seats, while the Provosts select the dancers for the Gavotte. The sets are nearly completed when the Provosts on the right selects a young Habitant, the one at the left selecting a young lady; the man comes forward, but the girl stands rebelliously still.]

PROVOST

Pray you, Mademoiselle.

YOUNG LADY

No, Monsieur le Provost, I will not dance.

PROVOST

Mademoiselle, the gavotte waits. Monsieur attends.

YOUNG LADY

It is not that I have been two years chosen queen of the king's ball. It is that I do not choose.

PROVOST

This is most unusual, mademoiselle—most unusual.

YOUNG LADY

I do not choose to dance with the gentleman you have called. Besides, Monsieur le Commandant has a guest. Do the honored Provosts know he does not wish to dance?

PROVOST

[Speechless with rage.]

Mademoiselle!

YOUNG LADY

I have not heard the Provost's inquire of the guest. I do not know he does not wish to dance. Why not ask him? I will wait.

ROCHEBLAVE

[Coming forward.]

Monsieur le Provost, I have a guest. May I beg for him the honor of a dance.

MADAME ROCHEBLAVE

This is most unusual. You create quite a flutter, Mr. Raycliff.

[Raycliff bows low to Madame, and to the Provosts; while he is being presented to the young lady, Rocheblave turns to the rejected partner.]

ROCHEBLAVE

Monsieur, you place me perpetually in your debt. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your kindness to my guest.

[The young man bows and withdraws, Rocheblave returning to Madame. The dance begins. A crowd has gathered, and the sides of the stage are filled with settlers, soldiers and Indians.

As the dance progresses, a light far back of the stage discloses the shadowy figures of Clark's men creeping down over the hill.

Then Clark enters, unobserved; he is in the tattered uniform of a Virginia Colonel; his boots are missing, and he wears moccasins. He saunters into the scene, and stands quietly watching, across from Rocheblave. An Indian spies him, and darts out, standing an instant before Clark and then running to Rocheblave.]

THE INDIAN

The Long Knives!

[The Coureur rushes in center, shouting.]

COUREUR

The Americans! We are surrounded, Captain.

ROCHEBLAVE

[Coming down to confront Clark.]

Silence. Who are you, sir?

CLARK

Colonel Clark, at your service.

[At the words, the crowd is seized with terror; women scream, the men shout, and in the distance war whoops are heard. Raycliff takes off Madame Rocheblave, the dancers run off, and the French soldiers move up behind Rocheblave.]

ROCHEBLAVE

By whose authority do you come here?

CLARK

By the authority of Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia. You are surrounded. Captain, your sword.

ROCHEBLAVE

Insolence! Men, this gentleman is our prisoner.

[The soldiers start forward; Clark raises his hand, and a detachment of his rangers rushes in, threatening the soldiers with rifles. Rocheblave's men, who are unarmed, fall back.]

CLARK

[With biting irony.]

Gentlemen, I pray you continue your entertainment. I speak for the Governor of Virginia. Monsieur Rocheblave. I must again demand your sword.

ROCHEBLAVE

I will not surrender my garrison to your night prowlers. I will not——

CLARK

Put that man under guard. Disarm him.

[The rangers arrest and disarm Rocheblave.]

You have yet to know the measure of my severity, sir. I warn you, I can show no pity. I'll know whether we are to be openly defied or not. Search the town, and bring me all the Britishers you find. Let all keep within their houses, on pain of death, till I order otherwise.

ROCHEBLAVE

I protest, sir, against this savage mode of warfare.

CLARK

I am quite able to care for my part of this business. Take him out.

[The habitants have all gone save a few of the bolder spirits; Clark looks at these, frowning heavily, and they slink away. When they are gone, his expression changes; he throws back his head, laughing to himself. The Fiddler, who has been watching him comes over, bobs humbly, and offers his greeting.]

FIDDLER

Monsieur the new Commandant, I hope you will not forget me, when you desire that there shall be a dance, for the people of the post.

CLARK

[Genially.]

I shall call upon you, Monsieur.

[The Fiddler loiters by the gate way.

Enter, center, Pere Gibault.]

PERE GIBAULT

[Frightened, but intent on duty.]

Is this the American Commander?

CLARK

[Severely.]

I am Colonel Clark, at your service.

PERE GIBAULT

I am a man of peace, Monsieur le Commandant, and know nothing of your war. I speak for my people, who are loyal subjects. I am called Pere Gibault.

CLARK

I am glad to meet you, sir.

PERE GIBAULT

I have come to speak for my people. Everywhere they beg for their lives, and the village is mad with fear. Monsieur le Commandant, I must know what their fate is to be. Are they to be slaves of the Americans?

CLARK

[Suddenly gracious.]

You do not understand, Mr. Gibault. We have come to free these people, not to enslave them. They are to be citizens, not subjects. Mr. Gibault, ours is a war for liberty, for justice. I must have order among your people, but they are free now, as they never were before.

PERE GIBAULT

And they are not to be driven from their homes by your "Long Knives?"

CLARK

Certainly not.

PERE GIBAULT

And they are not even to lose their property?

CLARK

Not a penny.

PERE GIBAULT

Tell me, Monsieur Colonel Clark, are they to be allowed to come to worship as they were?

CLARK

We have nothing to do with churches, save to defend them from insult. By the laws of Virginia, your religion has as great privileges as any other.

PERE GIBAULT

Monsieur Clark, my son, I am overwhelmed at your kindness. I am already, in my heart, a citizen of Virginia. I must tell my people.

[He starts to go out, but returns.]

Though I know nothing of the temporal business, I can give them some advice, in a spiritual way, that shall be conducive to your cause. God bless you, Colonel Clark.

[Exit Pere Gibault; there is a pause, then glad cries and a sound of singing off stage. The Fiddler, who has lingered, now comes back and approaches Clark.]

THE FIDDLER

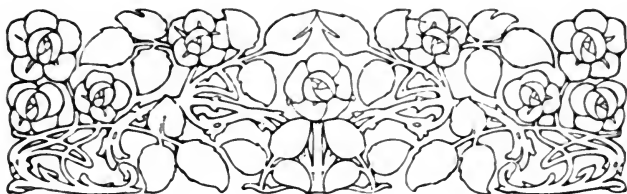
I see it will be necessary for me to play to-night.
Our people will want music. I hear them already, singing.

[A group of the dancers rushes gaily in.]

CLARK

You shall fiddle to-night under the flag of Virginia, sir. Strike your strings.

[As he speaks, the townspeople flock back, cheering and exultant; they cross the stage and go on, taking Clark with them and the lights disappear.]



SCENE SIX

[Outside the porch of Geo. Blair's house.
Mrs. Blair is sitting under the porch, churning.
Mr. Blair is standing outside, watching for the approach of the commissioners.]

CHARACTERS

Mr. Blair.....	E. S. Helms
John Hay.....	R. M. Hayes
Mr. Lemen.....	Ed. C. Roediger
Mr. Isaacs.....	Julius Seib
Mrs. Blair.....	Sophie Rhein

MRS. BLAIR

George, what all are you standing there and looking at?

BLAIR

Nothing, my dear—nothing at all.

MRS. BLAIR

George, who are these men out there in the corn field?

BLAIR

What men? Oh! those men. I reckon they're the commissioners.

MRS. BLAIR

Now look here, George Blair, you're keeping something back. Out with it. Who are these commissioners, and what are they doing in our corn field?

BLAIR

Now my dear, how can you imagine that I know anything about those commissioners. They're all perfectly reprehensible parties. There's Mr. Enochs and Mr. Lemen, the preacher, and John Hay that's clerk of the Courts.

MRS. BLAIR

I know right well who they are. What I asked you is what do they want in our corn field? You understand that you are out of politics don't you?

BLAIR

Of course, I do, my dear.

MRS. BLAIR

You off sheriffing and gadding and talking and never turning a hand; I won't have it!

BLAIR

I understand that, my dear.

MRS. BLAIR

Then what do those commissioners want here? I'd like to know.

BLAIR

They're the commissioners to review the prospective location for a new jurisprudence.

MRS. BLAIR

Well they've got no business trampling through our corn.

BLAIR

My dear, you can't be inhospitable to a official delegation.

MRS. BLAIR

You'll find out—they're coming over here.

BLAIR

Now I hope you won't be cantankerous.

MRS. BLAIR

I'll give'em a piece of my mind. Commissioners! wasting your time and tramping through the corn and jabbering all day.

[Enter the five commissioners. Mr. Lemen, Mr. Enoch, Mr. Isaacs, Mr. Hay and Mr. Hays.]

BLAIR

Good morning, gentlemen. My wife was just remarking how fortunate we are having you all in our midst, as the saying goes.

[Mrs. Blair grunts and turns away from the commissioners. She listens attentively, however.]

ISAACS

Mr. Blair, we're here on a matter of business for St. Clair County. We've decided to locate——. you tell him, Mr. Lemen.

LEMEN

Mr. Blair, I need not remind you that it is the duty of every citizen to sacrifice his own per-

sonal profit and convenience to the service of the whole congregation—in this case the whole community.

BLAIR

[Moving uncomfortably.]

I suppose that's so, Mr. Lemen.

LEMEN

Without question, sir. Now, Mr. Blair, in this matter of a new location for the Courts, your duty——

MRS. BLAIR

[Sharply.]

George!

BLAIR

Yes, my dear. Excuse me, gentlemen.

MRS. BLAIR

I'm here, that's all.

BLAIR

Yes, my dear, I understand.

LEMEN

To be quite candid, Mr. Blair, this commission has agreed on a new location.

BLAIR

What's the matter with Cahokia? The court has been there since before we were born. Why do you all want a new location?

[All together.]

LEMEN

The danger of floods——

HAY

High water——

ISAACS

The French influence.

HAY

And besides the legal French they speak there is corrupt—a reflection on the culture of the county.

BLAIR

Well, gentlemen?

ISAACS

To put it blunt, Blair, we've decided— you tell him, Mr. Lemen.

LEMEN

The commissioners, Mr. Blair, have decided that the best location for the new seat of justice is here on your place. And we've come to negotiate with you for the necessary land.

BLAIR

You mean the county wants to buy my farm.

LEMEN

I do not. You will doubtless give the county the title to the necessary plat. It's your plain duty as a citizen and an ex-sheriff.

BLAIR

[Throwing a look at Mrs. Blair. Her face is very firm.]
Mr. Lemen I respect you cloth, and all that. Duty as a citizen and all that—I'm an indefensible

patriot—no man more so. But give you my cornfield for a Court-house? Well I reckon not.

ISAACS

But the advantages to you, Mr. Blair—you explain it, Mr. Lemen.

LEMEN

I refuse to argue with Mr. Blair on mercenary or personal terms.

HAY

Very good, Mr. Lemen. Let me present the matter—there are some things about this you haven't thought of Mr. Blair. By your leave Mr. Lemen. In the first place, there's the great concourse of people to consider—the *ad gressum populi* —have you thought of that, Mr. Blair.

BLAIR

Of course, I have, Mr. Hay—but my cornfield.

HAY

I make no base appeal *in pecunia* Mr. Blair. But the county seat will mean a settlement, and in a few years a thriving city. Your amiable qualities will show to far greater advantage as the host of a prosperous tavern than as a lonely farmer, clear up here on the bluffs. You're working too hard, George, you know you are. We're offering you an opportunity—an easy and sociable life.

BLAIR

Are you sure there'd be a chance for a tavern here?

HAY

A chance—it's a clear necessity.

MRS. BLAIR

George Blair, you'll set up no tavern. You gas-sing amicable—and me doing the work. I reckon not.

HAY

Your family would share your good fortune. George—no doubt of that. The advantages in a money way would be immense. Mrs. Blair would enjoy her leisure, I'm sure. In fact, George, I can't understand how you can keep your wife on the farm when she might sit in the tavern parlor in silks. You will become the founder of the city and your wife the belle of the sessions.

BLAIR

You put it very grandolinquently, Mr. Hay. I shall of course consult my wife.

HAY

Of course—of course. Blair's town—lovely name for a city.

BLAIR

Perhaps it would be better to call it Blairville, out of respect to the French population.

HAY

Certainly—certainly.

[Mrs. Blair brings down the churn dasher with a bang and prepares to arise and take a hand in the argument. Blair starts violently at the sound. Then a new idea strikes him.]

BLAIR

On secondary considerations, I've another idea.
I'd like to name the town for my wife.

[She sits down again.]

HAY

And the French population?

BLAIR

I've thought of that too—I'll call it Belleville.

HAY

[Grasping his hand.]

Admirable, George. Beautiful name—sure to be a beautiful city. I can see it already. Magnificent—and a fine tribute to a charming woman. Now there only remains the formality of your signature. Five acres for a court house square—you can spare that.

BLAIR

Five acres! Free gift! Make it two, Mr. Hay.

HAY

Just as you say—though I'd be sorry to see this square too small for the town. And one other item, George. The County will be at great expense here, surveying the town and all that. The rise in real estate will be enormous. You

ought to set aside twenty-five acres to be plat-
ted, and you ought to give the county two lots
in every square.

MRS. BLAIR

[Warningly.]

George.

BLAIR

[To Hay.]

Certainly not, Mr. Hay. That's too much—far
too much.

HAY

But you own all the rest. And you want the city
of Belleville to look upon you as a generous
founder, not as a grasping proprietor.

MRS. BLAIR

George, give 'em one lot in each square—it won't
cost you anything.

BLAIR

I don't understand, my dear.

MRS. BLAIR

[Marking on the cover of the churn.]

Let me locate the lot—that's all. I'll get even
with 'em for this.

BLAIR

On consultation with my wife, gentlemen, I agree
to give one lot in every square.

HAY

Good. Now we shall want conveniences. What
about a house to hold court in?

BLAIR

I can't do anything about that.

HAY

To be sure—you'll be getting your tavern ready.
I'm afraid we shall have to hold the next session in the old place.

MRS. BLAIR

Offer 'em the conveniences. You may as well.

BLAIR

But I can't be raising a court house.

MRS. BLAIR

[Aside to Blair.]

Give 'em the corn crib—the cornfield will be all tramped down.

BLAIR

Very well, gentlemen,—I'll give you the necessary conveniences—small, I'm afraid, but substantial.

HAY

Very magnificent of you George, I'm sure. Now one thing more. Will you be so considerate as to bring up the records and the furnishings of the Court in time for the session?

BLAIR

Records and furnishings?

HAY

Yes, the benches and tables and books.

BLAIR

That's a powerful lot of work, packing all those things way up here.

HAY

Well, it's a small matter in the large transaction of establishing a city.

LEMEN

I'm astonished that you hesitate at this, Mr. Blair.

BLAIR

Hesitate at all that work! I couldn't think of doing it—wouldn't consider it, not for a moment, under six dollars.

[The commissioners turn away.]

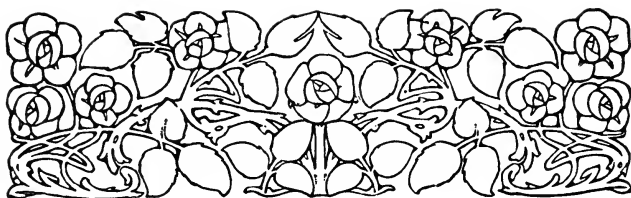
LEMEN

It shall be paid.

[They go out in a body.]

BLAIR

Belleville—lovely name, my dear.



SCENE SEVEN

[The first session of the Orphan's Court at Belleville; Judge Thomas and Judge Biggs presiding, John Hay, Clerk; John Hays, Sheriff. The Court is held under the trees in front of the little log corn crib which Blair has provided.]

CHARACTERS

Judge Thomas.....	Fred Fleischbein
Judge Biggs.....	Jacob Aull
John Hay.....	R. M. Hayes
Mr. Blair.....	E. L. Helms
Mr. Hayes, Sheriff.....	Henry Beineke
Jesse Waddell.....	Harry Kaufmann
Mrs. Blair.....	Sophie Rhein
Polly Snyder.....	Edna Rentchler
Mrs. Jillson.....	Kate Meng

WOMEN GOSSIPS

Anna Theis	Alice Hughes
Norma Neu	Anna Louise Wangelin
Frances Rentchler	Jessie Wilderman
Florence Aull	Dorothy Winkler
Lily Stoll	Irma Schroeder

FARMERS

Irwin Dunck	August Chenot
Walton Marsh	Francis Winans
Ernst Weber	John Theis
Clemens Gundlach	

THE SHERIFF

Oyes, oyes, oyes. Silence is commanded while the honorable the Orphan Court are sitting under pain of imprisonment.

All persons having anything to do at this honorable Court, either plea to enter or suit to prosecute, are requested to come forth and they shall be heard. God save the United States and this their territory.

JUDGE THOMAS

What business is before the Court?

JUDGE HAY

The first business is to appoint a guardian for an orphan child, Polly Snyder.

JUDGE THOMAS

Are the parties in Court?

MRS. JILLSON

Your Honor, I have something to say in this case. This child, Polly Snyder has been for four months a charge on me, and on Mr. Waddell.

CLERK

[Writing.]

On Mr. Waddell.

JUDGE THOMAS

Is Mr. Waddell in Court?

SHERIFF

He's here, your Honor.

[Jesse Waddell steps forward; he is a tall handsome young man.]

MRS. JILLSON

And it ain't a proper thing for her to be left this way on a bachelor.

CLERK

On a bachelor.

JUDGE THOMAS

I thought you said she was a charge on you, Mrs. Jillson?

MRS. JILLSON

So I did, sir, and I mean it too; but I'm looking after his house for Mr. Waddell since his mother died, and he provides her keep, your honor.

CLERK

He provides her keep.

JUDGE THOMAS

Then how is she a charge on you, Mrs. Jillson?

MRS. JILLSON

She's a moral charge, your honor.

CLERK

Moral charge.

JUDGE THOMAS

And what do you petition this Court to do, Mrs. Jillson?

MRS. JILLSON

She's ought to be put out to some respectable family to work for her keep. It's not right and proper for her to be left on a young man, and a bachelor. It's not— [suddenly confidential.]

You surely understand this matter, Judge.

[The clerk looks up, annoyed at her informality.]

JUDGE THOMAS

Is the child in court?

SHERIFF

Yes, your honor.

JUDGE THOMAS

Mr. Sheriff, will you kindly have this orphan child brought before the Court?

[Polly Snyder, a pretty girl of seventeen, steps forward near Jesse Waddell. Her appearance creates a stir of interest, and a group of town gossips crowd nearer to follow what is said.]

JUDGE THOMAS

[Looking at her with surprise.]

Are you the orphan child, Polly Snyder?

POLLY

Yes, sir—I mean, yes, your honor.

[The Judge's lips pucker in a silent whistle and he turns to Judge Biggs, Mrs. Jillson steps down stage, so to place herself between Waddell and Polly.]

JUDGE BIGGS

[To Judge Thomas.]

Did you see that? See the widow get between them?

JUDGE THOMAS

Polly, this Court wishes to do for you the best that's in its human wisdom. Tell the Court, how came you to be a charge on Mr. Waddell.

POLLY

[Speaking earnestly and very simply.]

I cannot tell you in my own way, your honor. My mother and father were lost. Our canoe sank as we crossed the river. They were drowned. Then an Indian took me through the woods. He tied my wrist to his and made me come. Jesse Waddell came on him at a turn of the trail, and took me away from him. I had no place—no home—no one. He was kind, and his mother was good to me. Then she died. Mrs. Jillson doesn't think I should stay. So I've come to Court to get a guardian.

[There is a moment of silence, broken at last by the clerk, who is just completing his transcription of her speech.]

CLERK

Get a guardian.

JUDGE THOMAS

Jesse Waddell, do you want to get rid of this orphan child?

JESSE

[Interrupted by a look from Mrs. Jillson.]

No, sir—I do if it's for her good, your honor.

JUDGE THOMAS

You're not complaining about her keep?

JESSE

No, your honor, that's nothing. You see, your honor she's all I have in the world, since my mo-

ther died. But Mrs. Jillson didn't think it right and proper.

CLERK

Right and proper.

JUDGE THOMAS

Well, Mr. Waddell, do you think that by next spring——

JUDGE BIGGS

One moment, I should like to put a private question to Mr. Waddell.

[He pronounces it Waddle; Judge Thomas corrects him, and he leans over to whisper to Jesse, who steps forward; the gossips also press forward, listening.]

JUDGE BIGGS

[Whispering.]

Haven't you thought of marrying her?

JESSE

Oh, yes, your honor—sometime.

[There is a sudden movement of elation among the gossips. The Judge confers a moment.]

JUDGE BIGGS

Polly, this Court is going to let you choose your own guardian. Freely, now, without fear of what anybody may think. This Court will appoint the guardian you choose.

POLLY

[Looking at Waddell.]

If I choose, your honor—

MRS JILLSON

Scandalous! Is that proper law!

JUDGE BIGGS

Just as I thought! Mr. Clerk make record that Jesse Waddel has been appointed guardian of Polly Snyder, orphan; he is to report to this Court at the spring session.

MRS JILLSON

Well of all the simple innocents!

JUDGE THOMAS

Are you making an effort to show your contempt of this Court, madam?

MRS JILLSON

[Turning back as she is about to go out.]

I am not, your honor. I know it would be hopeless.

[Exit Mrs. Jillson.]

CLERK

If the Court please, here is a claim for George Blair, for bringing the records of the Court here from Cahokia. What is the action of the Court on this claim?

JUDGE BIGGS

What is the amount of the claim?

CLERK

Six dollars, your honor.

JUDGE BIGGS

Is George Blair in Court?

BLAIR

[Stepping forward.]

He is, your honor.

JUDGE BIGGS

Six dollars in a considerable sum.

BLAIR

It's reasonable charge, your honor. A mere trifle, when you think what a powerful lot of work it was fetching all that stuff. And besides, I have the matter of the townsite to bring before the Court. Your honor may not know that I have given to the County of Saint Clair the tract upon which the Court is now in session.

JUDGE BIGGS

The Court appreciates your generosity, Mr. Blair.

BLAIR

I have here a plat of the townsite.

CLERK

Mr. Blair is too modest to call the attention of the Court to the further fact that he has presented to the County one lot in each block of the afore-said site.

JUDGE THOMAS

The Court, in behalf of the County of St. Clair, expresses its gratitude to Mr. Blair, and further decrees that an expression of its appreciation be spread upon the record.

BLAIR

Your honor is most magnanimous.

JUDGE BIGGS

May I see that plat, sir? Now sir, where are the lots presented to the County?

BLAIR

Right there, your honor. One in every block. Lot five. Right in the middle of the block, your honor.

JUDGE BIGGS

[To Judge Thomas.]

Timeo Danaos tum dona ferentes. A lot in the center of each block, sir! And how is the County to have access to those lots? There's no frontage.

BLAIR

Does your honor imagine that anybody's going to be so scurvy mean as to fence up these lots all around?

JUDGE BIGGS

[To Judge Thomas.]

I imagine there will be no disagreement with the ruling that the expression of appreciation ordered by the Court be stricken from the record.

BLAIR

Now, your honor, I protest.

CLERK

The Court has an application from George Blair to keep a tavern here in Belleville.

JUDGE BIGGS

He's keeping it, isn't he?

CLERK

He is, your honor.

JUDGE BIGGS

Then let him be licensed.

CLERK

And his tax, your honor?

JUDGE BIGGS

Six Dollars.

[Blair is thunderstruck. The crowd seeing his expression, forgets the Court, and breaks into riotous laughter; in the midst of which the lights go out.]

WHITE CLOUD

Manitou of the Oak, thy whispering leaves
Are not so many as the marching feet
Thou makest sound upon mine ears. I hear
The last great war dance of my people; hear
The voice of Black Hawk chanting loud the war-
song;

But we were poor, and we had felt the pang
Of hungry snow-times. We were filled with sleep
While Black Hawk and his band fought out alone
Our last dark battle. As thy whispering leaves,
Oak, season after season came the march
Of onward pale innumerable nations;
Each summer found their far-flung houses deeper
Within our hunting grounds. Each year Mon-
damin

God of the corn-gift, gave the strangers comfort.

They seized our soil, and with unresting plows
Made the broad prairies burn with yellow grain;
So they grow rich, while we slink in and out,
Poor ghosts amid the frozen stalks of corn
That wail beneath the bleak wind's cruel feet.
Yet they too deal in strife who are not free,
And in their lodges they have Death for guest.
Here now behold the white man's council; laws
Torn up and ancient freedoms bound. Not ours,
Not of my people are these broken feuds,
And seeing these, my hate flames out anew,
And our Great River foams and shows her teeth.
Hear now their war drums thundering; they go
forth
To seal their riven blood bonds. They too hold
Only by battle what they build in peace.



SCENE EIGHT

[German men and women, some dancers and some newly arrived with many bundles.

Citizens, negroes, etc.

A street or open place in Belleville, in 1853. A gateway in the hedge at the right leads to Professor Deutsch's house. When the lights come on, a number of German settlers are waiting, at left. Professor Deutsch enters from gateway, a book in his hand.

Enter Friedrich Hecker; he is a lean, blond man, in rough farmer's clothing; he has a long drooping mustache, and a disconsolate air.]

CHARACTERS

Gustave Koerner.....	H. G. Schmidt
Colonel Niles.....	Charles Hamill
Friedrich Hecker.....	Herman Heimberger
Professor Deutsch.....	Elmer Leopold
Heinrich Deutsch.....	Waldo Hilgard
A Justice of the Peace.....	Robert Imbs
A Constable.....	Arthur Ogle
A Negro Prisoner.....	Elmer Baldus
First Citizen.....	Harold Emery
Second Citizen.....	Marshall Glueck

CITIZENS

Irwin Dunck
Walton Marsh

August Chenot
Francis Winans

Ernst Weber
John Theis

Clemens Gundlach

WOMEN SETTLERS

Ida Rodenmeyer
Lulu Wiesmann
Elsie Williams

Ida Krug
Lulu Dobschuetz

GERMAN IMMIGRANTS

Florence Liese
Christine Mullen
Vera Winkelman
Grace Gilbert
Mae Hughes
Irma Schlegel
Anita Raab
Virginia Ralph

Oscar Liese
Irwin Leopold
Arthur Bieser
Arthur Davies
Harold Emery
Walter Brandenburger
Albert Steuernagel
Arthur Baldus

HECKER

Ah, Herr Professor, wie geht es Ihnen!

PROFESSOR

Ah—Friedrich Hecker! I'm so glad to see you!
you come so seldom. I think how often of those
days in the University—those stormy days.
What eloquent speeches you made, and how
handsome you were—(looking at him intently)
Hecker, you've changed.

HECKER

Changed! Mein Gott! What you see is all that's
left of an old revolutionist after five years of
chills and fever in this damnable country. I
am a shadow.

PROFESSOR

You don't mean it when you say damnable—this
country.

HECKER

No. The country's not so bad, but the chills and
fever—

PROFESSOR

I have great hopes for the country, my friend. I know we must live hard for a time—there are lean years to abide. Well, we are ready. We are pioneers. Before I came out, I learned a trade. I learned to make shoes. Ja, ja, I, Herr Professor Deutsch, who never knew anything save botany, I am a cobbler.

HECKER

But you do not make shoes, Professor?

PROFESSOR

No. The people will not have the ones I make. I foresee, Hecker, that we Germans are more likely to find use for our science, than our shoe-making. We bring Goethe and Schiller, Mozart and Beethoven. Our idealism is a better import than the trades we tried so hard to learn. I may even hope to return to my botany.

HECKER

You have a farm?

PROFESSOR

A little farm. My wife and the children wished to have it. It is very interesting. Hecker, this day I bought a cow, and I am now studying about the care of cattle. It is most interesting

[Indicating his book.]

[Voices are heard off stage, singing a German song.]

HECKER

Yes, we bring light and learning—and we find

chills and fever. Have you seen Gustav Koerner?

PROFESSOR

He will be here. There's a party coming from the Fatherland—I can hear them now. He will be here to welcome them. Hecker, about that cow—you would never imagine—

[Their voices are drowned in the gay shouts of a group of Germans, newly come, who rush on to meet the party waiting at left of stage. There is moment of hilarious welcome. Then the music strikes up, and the dance begins.

At the end of the dance the Germans troop off to the right, Hecker going with them and leaving the Professor alone.

Enter Heinrich Deutsch, the Professor's son; the lad hangs over the gate or hedge and speaks to his father.]

HEINRICH

Father, father, come and show us how to milk the cow.

PROFESSOR

Eh? What? Ask your mother, Heinie.

HEINRICH

Das geht nicht. Mother and Elsa and Wilhelm and Rudolf and I—we have all tried. It's no use.

PROFESSOR

The cow, is she patient?

HEINRICH

Oh, yes, but we get no milk from her. You must come and show us how.

PROFESSOR

One moment, my son. Just one moment.

[He opens his book searches it for the desired information. As he does so, a murmur of voices is heard from the left, rising rapidly. Then a group of men comes on the stage, much excited, the constable among them leading a negro tied by a rope. The Professor steps back beside the gate-way.]

COLONEL NILES

[Going down in front of the constable.]

Hold on there. What does that mean?

CONSTABLE

Stand out of my way, Colonel. I'm doing my duty.

NILES

By whose orders?

CONSTABLE

By the Squire's. It's all legal.

A CITIZEN

Get out of this, Colonel.

SECOND CITIZEN

This is no place for a abolitionist.

[Enter Justice of the Peace.]

NILES

I demand to know what this man's crime is. I demand——

CONSTABLE

Here comes the Squire, ask him yourself.

NILES

Look her, Mr. Justice. What does this mean?
What are you going to have done to this man?

JUSTICE

The nigger, you mean?

NILES

Yes.

JUSTICE

In accordance with the law of the state, I'm going to have him sold.

NILES

This is a free state. It's not according to the law.

JUSTICE

Oh, yes it is. He's not free. He's been in this place ten days. The fine is fifty dollars. I can put him in jail, but there would be no way to get him out. Do you want to bid on him, Colonel?

FIRST CITIZEN

[Tauntingly.]

Take a look at him, Colonel. You might want to buy him.

SECOND CITIZEN

You'll get in trouble here, with your New England notions, Colonel.

[Niles strides forward impatiently till he stands directly in front of the negro. Slowly he takes a large knife from his pocket; the constable gives back

a step. Niles swiftly cuts the rope from the negro's hands. The constable and the crowd move forward to interfere. Niles faces them.]

NILES

Stand back, you slave drivers!

CONSTABLE

Get out of the way, Colonel.

THE CROWD

Drive him out! He's a damned abolitionist. Go on with the sale. Go on.

THE JUSTICE

I warn you, Colonel Niles. You are interfering with the law. If you don't let this matter proceed, I'll have you committed to jail. Constable, cry the sale.

CONSTABLE

Hear ye all! This negro's indenture is for sale. What am I offered?

[Various bids are heard, mounting up to forty-five dollars. Then the First Citizen interrupts with a question.]

FIRST CITIZEN

Hold on, Judge. How long is he indentured for?

JUSTICE

For a fine of fifty dollars and costs.

FIRST CITIZEN

How long does that hold him?

JUSTICE

Till it's worked out.

SECOND CITIZEN

Who's to say how long that is.

JUSTICE

The man who gets him.

[Murmur of satisfaction from the bidders.]

CONSTABLE

Forty-five dollars I am offered.

[Enter Gustav Koerner. The Professor hurries to meet Koerner, a look of horror on his face.]

PROFESSOR

Thank God you've come, Koerner.

KOERNER

What's going on here.

PROFESSOR

They're selling a negro into slavery.

CONSTABLE

Fifty-five I'm offered—fifty-five.

KOERNER

What does this mean?

NILES

It's an outrage on humanity.

CONSTABLE

Fifty-seven dollars.

KOERNER

What are you doing here, Mr. Justice?

FIRST CITIZEN

We want no Dutchman meddling here.

KOERNER

I am not meddling, but I will meddle if it is necessary. Mr. Justice, on what ground of law is this sale conducted?

JUSTICE

By the law of the state, Koerner. You know it as well as I do.

NILES

It's an infamous law!

KOERNER

I agree with you, Colonel—but what he says is true. Give me a moment here, Mr. Justice. There are a good many of us Germans here, and it may be wiser not to hurry. So.

[He goes over to the negro.]

You've been here ten days?

[The negro nods. Koerner turns to the constable.]

What's his fine?

CONSTABLE

Fifty dollars.

KOERNER

And costs?

CONSTABLE

Seventeen.

KOERNER

It's no business of mine. But I am a German and

I believe in the equal rights of all men. I live here. This is my town and I could not sleep in peace, I could not face my God in the sense of righteousness, if a man was sold in slavery here.

[He takes out his purse.]

I am a poor man—but I will not let this be done in Belleville while it is in my power to prevent it. There is the money, Mr. Justice. Let the man go free.

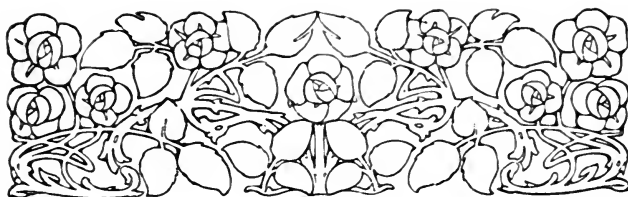
CONSTABLE

What shall I do, Squire.

JUSTICE

You'll have to let him go—the fine's settled.

[The negro, dazed, looking at Koerner; starts forward as if to thank him; Koerner waves him off deprecatingly and steps toward the Professor; Niles comes down beside him; the mob starts off stage the way they came, silent and sullen.]



SCENE NINE

CIVIL WAR

CHARACTERS

Colonel Grant.....	George Andel
Colonel Doherty.....	William Andel
Captain Holcomb.....	Roland Wiechert
Captain Abbot.....	Albert Steudle
Gustave Koerner.....	H. G. Schmidt

VOLUNTEERS

Chris. Dietz (captain)	Roy Metzler
Guy Anderson	Chas. T. Miller
Otto C. Bilzing	Wm. A. Miller
J. C. Cobb	Robert M. Ross
Otto Hueffner	Otto Wenzel
Phil. Hueffner	Fred Werner
Albert Hendricks	Edward Wiechert
Edward Kaysing	Isaac Walker

DISTINGUISHED LADIES

Amanda Sunkel	Eleanor Busiek
Meta Rombauer	Eugenia Knoebel
Anna Reis	

[A public place in Belleville, the tents of the Volunteers in the background. Time, spring of 1861.

Groups of people in the dress of the time are seen

walking back and forth. Volunteers in uniform, young ladies, etc.

Judge Koerner comes in with Grant, who wears a captain's uniform and smokes a cigar. They go up stage center as they talk, slowly.]

KOERNER

You may carry my assurance to the Governor; St. Clair County is devoted to the cause of the Union. These few days have seen enlisted nearly five hundred men. The county will give five thousand if the war lasts.

GRANT

We hope it will not last.

KOERNER

God forbid that it end with a victory for slavery.

GRANT

We must not let it end so.

KOERNER

It is the idea of liberty that brings forward these volunteers, especially those of German blood. You know how we feel on that score, Captain.

GRANT

Yes.

[Colonel Doherty enters.]

KOERNER

I must make you acquainted with our officers. Colonel Doherty, permit me to introduce Captain Grant, Assistant Adjutant General of Illinois.

COLONEL DOHERTY

I'm glad to see you, Captain. Haven't we met before. Are you John Grant of Springfield?

GRANT

[Shifting cigar and facing audience for first time.]
Ulysses S. . . . Galena.

[A group of ladies approach Koerner from right, bringing the flag; he speaks with them a moment aside; the Colonel introduces Grant to two other officers; he then goes off. Bugle call sounds immediately after his exit, left. The ladies and civilians draw back of Koerner at right of stage; the Judge standing at the head of the group with the flag; Grant at centre back.

Enter soldiers forming in ranks, at right of stage. Koerner addresses them.]

KOERNER

The patriotic ladies of Belleville have honored me with the charge of transmitting to you this flag, made by their fair hands. It is the flag of our country, which never has been sullied, never has been disgraced. In your ranks I see many who, like myself, have left another hemisphere to plant their homes upon this free soil. My heart swells with joy and pride to see so many of you amongst the first to sustain the right and honor of our adopted country. Remember that you are now Americans. Remember that you are going to war with your brethren, and so temper your conducts that no needless severity be laid to your charge, no harsher measures be used than those which the stern

necessities of war demand. Receive then, brave volunteers, this flag, the gift of your countrywomen. Support and defend it to the very last. Not your honor alone is concerned, but the honor of us all, the honor of our State and our common country.

[At a gesture from Colonel Doherty, Captain Holcomb receives the flag; Captain Abbot speaks in reply.]

CAPTAIN ABBOTT

We thank you, sir, for your counsel, and the noble women of our city for this flag. We know that, much as you are concerned with our welfare, you would rather hear of our death than our dishonor. On these terms we accept this flag. We will never return without it.

[Cheers. The lights are dimmed as the troops march off; a spot light holding, at the back of the stage, the watching figure of Grant, for a moment after they have disappeared.]



SCENE TEN

EAST ST. LOUIS

[East St. Louis—Along the Dike—1878.
The scene is along the levee at East St. Louis, 1878.]

CHARACTERS

John B. Bowman.....	Dan R. Webb
John B. Tefft.....	John E. Miller
H. G. Weber.....	Kevine Kane
James Connors.....	Wm. Seeger
Mother Croke.....	Mrs. Rose Boylan
A Watcher of the Flood.....	J. L. Moon
First Refugee.....	J. W. Reed
Second Refugee.....	Leon G. Smith
A Woman Refugee.....	Miss Nellie Bailey
A Captain of Militia.....	Homer Hodson
Mr. Darrell.....	S. E. Wilson
Mr. Feeney.....	Martin Drury
Mr. Barr.....	J. H. Yingst
A Workman on the Dike.....	Theo. Soelinger
Soldiers, Refugees, Deputies, Partisans of Bowman and Darrell. Workers along the Dyke.	
J. M. Sullivan	Misses Gladys Hohl
E. Campbell	L. Poettgen

F. Jenger
G. Hennan
M. Fehner
E. McBeth
Ralph Smith
W. E. Nixon
W. E. Dittenmeyer
Omer Weilmuenster
W. C. Reus
Mesdames J. Kircher
B. Griffin
Mayme Meteer
Pearl Bell

Mrs. Leon G. Smith
Margeret Smith
Frances Mace
Viola McHale
Vera McHale
Margaret Coons
Mary Griffin
Elizabeth Lentz
Anna Lentz
Ethel Bailey
Ethel Ellis
Mammie Hayes
Janette Kirschner

THE WATCHER OF THE FLOOD

Still rising. More sand here.

A VOICE

How many?

WATCHER

Ten bags 'll hold her awhile.

[Workers come in and lay bags of sand along the embankment.]

WORKMAN

Mother Croke's out again—I hear her up yonder—singing and cursing the river.

WATCHER

Poor old soul—they ought to watch her better.

[Enter Refugees.]

WATCHER

Wet down your way?

FIRST REFUGEE

First floor's full. Reckon we'll lose our stock again.

[Enter Mother Croke.]

WOMAN REFUGEE

The landlord told us it never came up to the house we were in now; the parlor furniture's all afloat in the mud, and we've lost all our chickens.

MOTHER CROKE

I lost my chickens too. That was in fifty-eight.

THE WATCHER

You ought not to be out here, Mother Croke. They ought to look out for you.

MOTHER CROKE

Who've I got to look out for me. The river took all them that looked out for me.

THE WOMAN REFUGEE

Come along with me, Mrs. Croke—we're going up to the bluffs.

MOTHER CROKE

No I thank ye—I can't leave. I always come here when the waters rise. I have to watch. They try to hold me up there—but I get away. I used to think the river might bring me back what she took but I know now she never will.

THE WOMAN

But you can't do any good here, Mother.

MOTHER CROKE

I can sit here and watch. She's afraid of me—
I've such a hate for her in my heart. She's
never come so high since I've cursed her—never
so high as in fifty-eight. Sand bags—they
don't help—but when I sit here and watch her,
she don't dare come up.

A VOICE OFF STAGE

Nine feet eight.

WATCHMAN

Still rising.

MOTHER CROKE

Go along all you people—leave her to me.

[She sits looking out over the water. More Refugees gather. A roof of a house floats by, all looking at it.

Enter Darrel and Feeney.]

DARRELL

How is she now, Watchman?

WATCHMAN

Still rising, alderman, but slowly. I reckon she's
about up.

[More refugees enter—there is now a group of
twenty or so.]

FIRST REFUGEE

Are you an alderman of this damned town?

DARRELL

Yes, my friend.

FIRST REFUGEE

Then why don't you do something about this sort of thing?

DARRELL

That's easier said than done.

FIRST REFUGEE

I didn't say it was easy—but if you expect people to live it's necessary.

DARRELL

I quite agree with you, my friend! But what are we to do? The Council can't move while the Mayor and his crowd block everything.

SECOND REFUGEE

What does he want, anyway?

FIRST REFUGEE

We ought to hold a meeting—we ought to do something.

DARRELL

Again I agree with you. You asked what the Mayor wants. I'll tell you. You see that foundation over there—the one with the ladder up to it. He wants the whole town built on that grade. He wants all the lots filled that deep. He wants all the streets raised to that level.

FIRST REFUGEE

That can't be done—you know that. Look what it would cost.

OTHERS

Impossible. Can't be done, etc.

DARRELL

Well if you can't afford it, the Mayor has no objections to your moving away.

SECOND REFUGEE

So he and his crowd could pinch us out. Well it won't work—this'll never be a rich man's town.

FIRST REFUGEE

We ought to hold a meeting right here. We ought to have a dike built. We ought to let John Bowman know he can't run the town. We ought——

DARRELL

I quite agree with you. But we've elected a Hungarian autocrat as Mayor, and now we stand here and talk, while the water rises.

FEENEY

Alderman—these people all think as we do.

REFUGEES

We're with you! Go ahead!

FEENEY

I move you sir, that this indignation meeting be regularly called to order and that you, sir, tell us the facts about the irregular status of the Mayor and his council.

REFUGEES

Aye. Aye.

FIRST REFUGEE

Let's have an indignation meeting—Let's do something.

DARRELL

You may not know, my friends, that steps are already on the way. The Mayor's council is elected under an illegal act of incorporation—as we can prove. He stands for this crazy scheme of grade raising. He wants to drive you out of town. He's a land speculator and a tyrant. He wants to ruin you all by raising the grades. Why? I'll tell you—it would make him a rich man—that's why.

FIRST REFUGEE

Then we ought to drive him out.

SECOND REFUGEE

We ought to string him up. He's governing us illegally and the flood is gutting the town.

DARRELL

You'll find it all as I say. As an alderman and a citizen I'm with you. We've got to make an end of this.

FEENEY

[Interrupting.]

For God's sake, Darrell—here he comes.

DARRELL

Let him come. Our friends here will tell him what they think of him.

[Enter Bowman and Tefft, walking along the edge of the dike.]

MOTHER CROKE

God help you, Mr. Mayor.

SECOND REFUGEE

There he is—there's the man we're after.

OTHERS

[Shouting.]

Robber! String him up—He wants to drive us out. Thief! Hound! etc.

[Bowman stands still for a moment, facing them and the shouting dies down. He looks from the crowd to Darrell.]

BOWMAN

I know what you've been saying when I see who is here.

SECOND REFUGEE

This is a meeting, Bowman; we won't stand any abuse.

BOWMAN

No. You'll hear none from me. We are brothers in misfortune—it's no time to fight among ourselves.

FIRST REFUGEE

We want to be peaceable, Bowman, but we demand action.

SECOND REFUGEE

Our houses are being flooded, and you're to blame. You can't quiet us with palavering about brothers. I'm damned if you're any brother of mine. Your house ain't flooded.

BOWMAN

My town is.

DARRELL

It'll be your town, if this goes on, Bowman—your muddy pig pen of a town. These people know where you stand.

BOWMAN

No, they do not know.

FIRST REFUGEE

You favor this mad idea of raising all the grades, don't you? You know that would ruin all of us.

SECOND REFUGEE

You've blocked the building of the dike, haven't you? You've let the water in on us, haven't you?

BOWMAN

My friends, you cannot build a dike high enough; if you could, our city would smother itself in the undrained pollution behind it. You see that foundation yonder—that's the height our streets will have to be. I have been to Washington for help—and got none. We must first help ourselves. We must protect our commerce. We must build our town on the rock—not on the sand. It costs money—it is hard—I admit all that. But we must not look forward to a life of dread whenever the river swells. We must not rear our children in a quagmire. This city has a magnificent future—we must look forward and build to that.

DARRELL

We've heard you talk of future, Bowman, long enough. What about the present—to-night?

FIRST REFUGEE

Let him finish, alderman. Fair play.

BOWMAN

For to-night I have taken what steps I thought best and I'm doing what I can. We must preserve order now, but when the water goes down, we must work for a new order. And we shall have it, too. Who is there among you who would not rather live on that level [pointing to the foundation] than below it? We have only to begin, and capital will flow in to complete the work. You men and women who are driven from your homes to-night, do you want to go back to them as they are—or do you want to bear your share in the labor that will make them safe forever?

FIRST REFUGEE

But can it be done—is it worth the struggle?

BOWMAN

My friends—we shall live to see a city worth fighting for. The lines of trade that make a city's destiny converge here. The future is as certain as life.

FIRST REFUGEE

Maybe he's right.

SECOND REFUGEE

Our trade would be immense if we could make it safe—no doubt of that.

FIRST REFUGEE

If there is to be a new order—

[Menacingly, looking at Bowman.]

DARRELL

There is, my friend—a new order. Good night!

[Darrell and Feeney go out.]

BOWMAN

How is it now, watchman?

WATCHER

Not much change, Mr. Bowman.

MOTHER CROKE

She knows I'm here now. She won't come any higher.

BOWMAN

Better go back, then, Mother.

MOTHER CROKE

You know how she goes down when I come, don't you, Mr. Bowman?

BOWMAN

Yes, mother, I know. You go back now.

WOMAN REFUGEE

I tried to get her to come with me.

BOWMAN

Good. Now, Mother. I'll have to give you orders—I'm still the Mayor, you know.

MOTHER CROKE

I can't go yet. I can't leave yet. I must watch.
[Enter Sheriff Weber.]

SHERIFF WEBER

Mr. Bowman, I hear the old council crowd is down
at the engine house. They're holding a meet-
ing.

BOWMAN

That's all right, Sheriff. Let them talk. This is
no time to quarrel with them.

SHERIFF

They mean to make trouble, Mr. Bowman. They're
playing some trick with the metropolitan police
behind them.

BOWMAN

Sheriff, we've still a bad night's work ahead of us.
I've sent for a company of militia, but even with
their help it may be bad enough when the water
begins to fall. I'll not worry about Darrell and
his crowd—not now.

WEBER

Just as you say, Mr. Bowman.

BOWMAN

Better bring out your deputies and post them,
Sheriff. You know what's likely to happen.

WEBER

We'll report to you here, Mr. Mayor.
[Weber goes out.]

TEFFT

[Who has been speaking aside with the refugees.]
Mr. Bowman, there's trouble afoot with Darrel's crowd.

BOWMAN

I know. But we have to look out for the rats when the water goes down. And there will be relief work to do. I've no time to argue with them.

TEFFT

They don't mean to argue.

BOWMAN

They can only talk and obstruct—that's all they're good for. I'll let them talk, but I will not let them obstruct.

WATCHER

She's been stationary for nearly ten minutes.

MOTHER CROKE

Let her come an inch higher if she dares—she knows I'm here. See how black and still she looks.

[Re-enter Sheriff Weber with deputies.]

SHERIFF

All here, Mayor Bowman.

BOWMAN

You know your duty, men. I need not tell you to be vigilant, and to be patient with the people who have lost their goods. And if you discover any looting of houses as the water falls——

SHERIFF

We understand, sir.

[Enter Mr. Barr.]

BARR

Mr. Bowman, I am asked to inform you that the legal city council is now in session at the Engine House, and that it is your right to preside over the meeting.

BOWMAN

You mean the old council—Darrell's crowd.

BARR

Yes—I mean the legally elected city council of East St. Louis.

BOWMAN

They recognize me as the legally elected Mayor?

BARR

Yes.

BOWMAN

Well, I do not recognize them.

BARR

So we supposed, and I have to inform you that they have chosen an Acting Mayor, that they have taken charge of the metropolitan police, and that you exercise authority here at your peril.

BOWMAN

I have no choice—I must exercise authority.

BARR

[Consulting his watch.]

The police will go to their posts in ten minutes.

After that—you've got your warning, Bowman.

[Exit Barr.]

SECOND REFUGEE

Good God—I didn't think they'd go as far as that.

FIRST REFUGEE

It's terrible. Why Mr. Bowman, the city in this emergency without your help——

BOWMAN

Sheriff, this is insurrection against law and order. You will place the members of this old council meeting under arrest immediately.

SHERIFF WEBER

I hear they're armed, Mr. Bowman.

BOWMAN

We have eight minutes.

TEFFT

For the love of God, Mr. Bowman, don't show yourself. It's you they're after. It will only lead to fighting if you go.

BOWMAN

You may be right, John.

SEVERAL REFUGEES

Don't go, Mr. Bowman. It would only stir up trouble, etc.

BOWMAN

I'll wait here, Sheriff. You know what to do. They will give in when they see you're in earnest.

[Exeunt Sheriff and men.]

[A pause.]

MOTHER CROKE

[To the river.]

So you're going down, you black murdering old serpent. You know I'm here, and you shrink back. You got my chickens, and my house, and the cradle, and what was in it, and you slunk away. They'll build dikes to hold you, and you'll just gurggle over them. So long as the town lies under your mark you'll creep and swash into it, and the ice'll bark the tall trees.

WOMAN REFUGEE

Let's go on—I can't bear to hear her.

FIRST REFUGEE

We can't start yet—we must wait and see.

[A sound of firing is heard off stage.]

TEFFT

Good God—They're fighting!

[The refugees shrink together at the left of the stage. The firing continues and the deputies fall back, fighting, coming on stage at right. As they reach right center one of them is hit. He leans for an instant on Sheriff Weber, spins around and falls at Bowman's feet.]

SHERIFF WEBER

It's Jim Connors. They've hit him.

BOWMAN

The cowards. They've killed him.

[He starts toward right. Tefft holds him back.]

TEFFT

Don't stir, Bowman. They're waiting for you.

BOWMAN

Let me go—let me go.

SHERIFF WEBER

Stay where you are, Mr. Bowman.

BOWMAN

[Leaning over Connors.]

Poor boy. And I sent him into this. I thought it was for the best—Poor lad!

[Enter Militia Company. The Captain goes forward to Bowman and Weber.]

CAPTAIN

I am instructed by Governor Cullom to report to you for orders, Mr. Bowman. I understand there's resistance to law at the city engine house. Are we to take the building, sir?

BOWMAN

[After a pause.]

No. There has been blood shed here. Let there be no more of that. We have enough to do to make a city above the reach of flood—fighting enough against the merciless powers of nature. I can see it clearly, my friends—the great peace, the mighty uprising of industry, the tide of commerce filling all this plain from the impregnable dikes of the future to the hills. You will all see

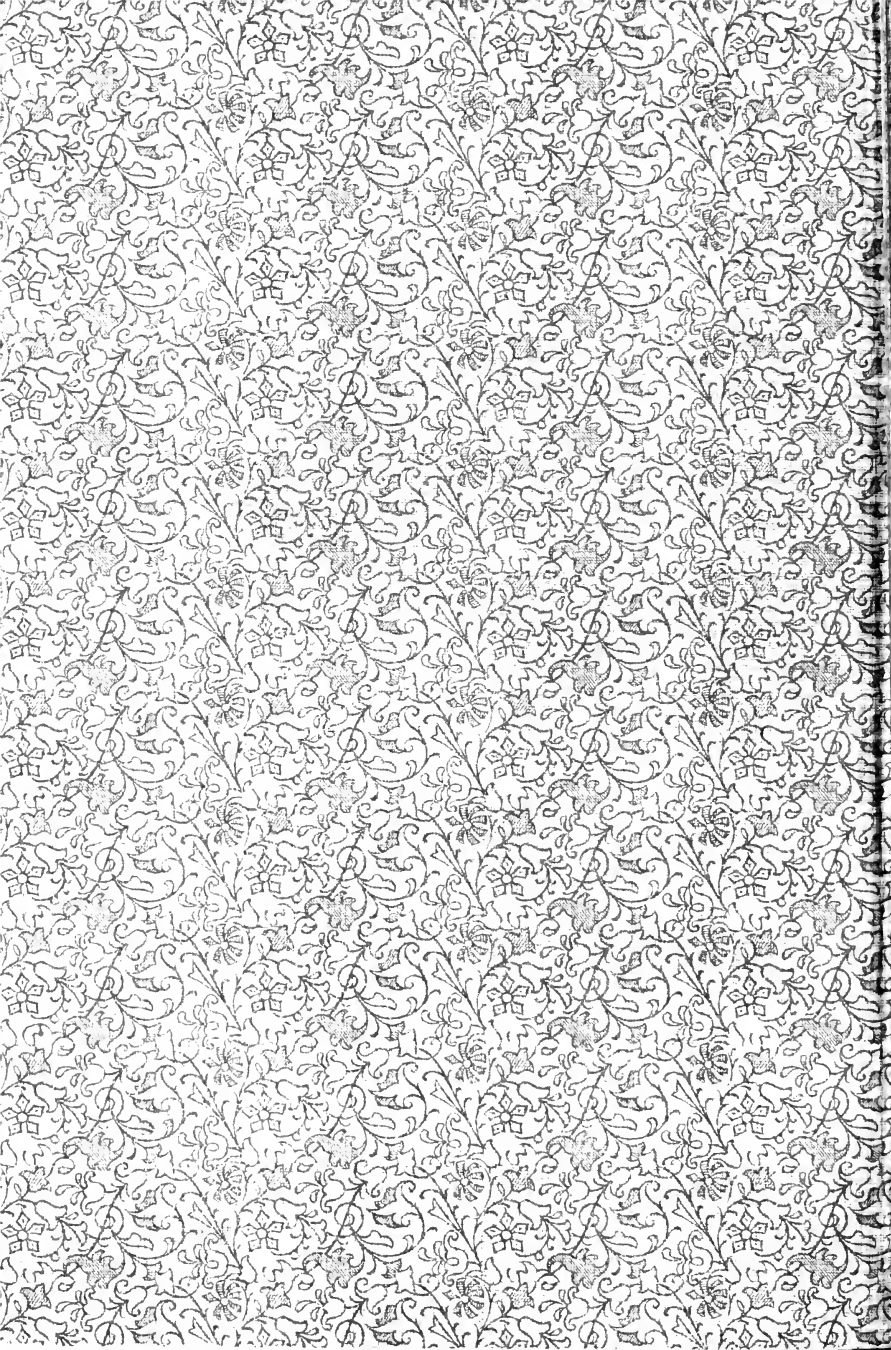
it. But to-night we have work to do. And for my part, I will carry this strife no further. Let there be order, and let us wait for peace.

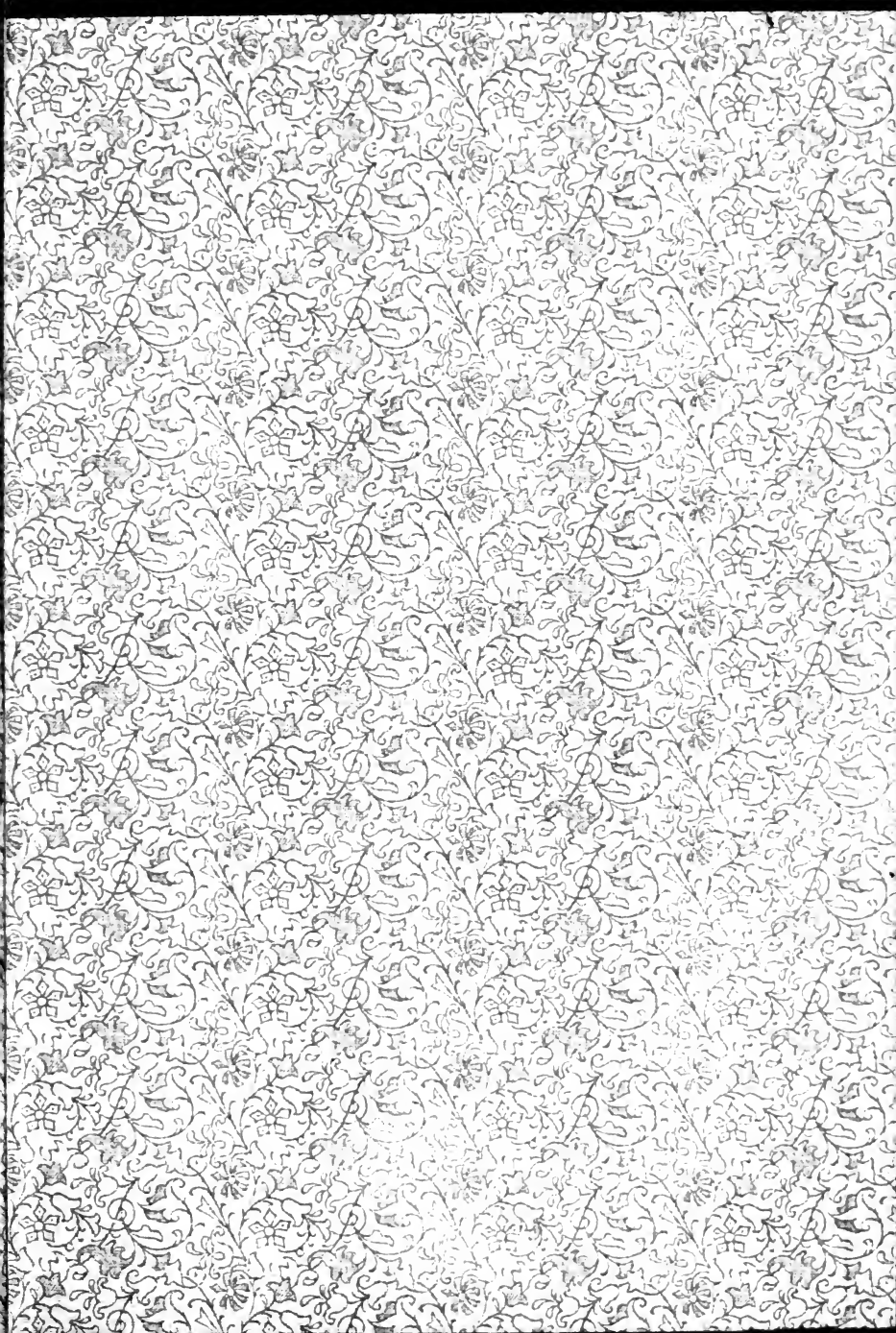
[The light goes out.]

WHITE CLOUD

Manitou, these are idle things. I see
Through all this flame and fight, the winter fall.
We come from barren councils home to beg
For food. And while we stand aside and sulk
Desiring war but never daring it,
The paleface beaver peoples build their dams,
The furrows creep across the hunting grounds,
And foolish treaties bind us to our woe.
Their beaver work stands firm against the frost,
While eagles flee before the winter stars;
We watch the leafage of our state drift down
While here they build another, fashioned strong
In laws we may not learn, and mysteries
They offer us too late. For us the trail
Leads on to night. Great Manitou, my prayer
Is granted, and my darkened eyes behold
The ruin of our nations. Oak, I make
My sacrifice to thee, and so depart
Wise in thy bitter dream, un comforted.

[The characters of the entire Pageant pass across the stage in review, in reversed chronological order, White Cloud passing last.]





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